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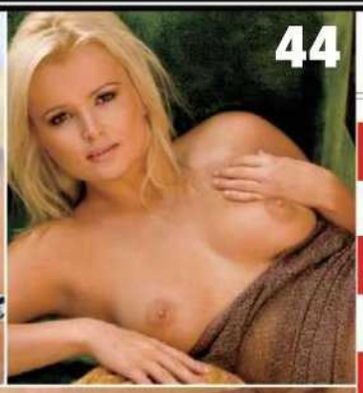

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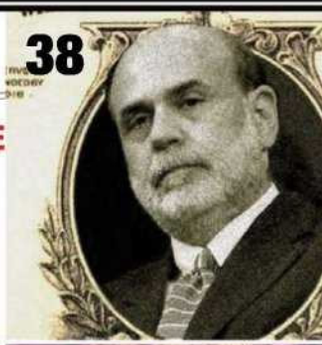

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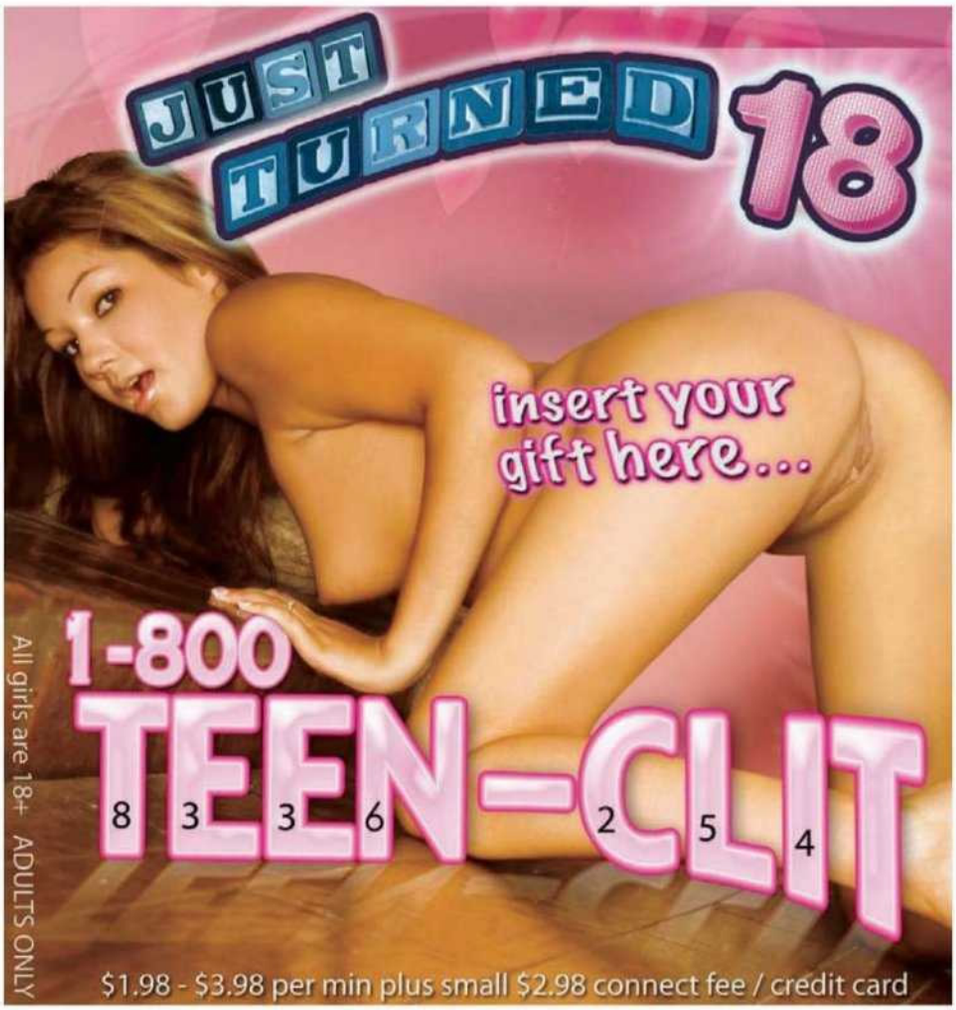
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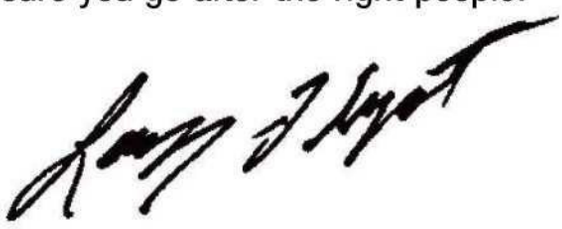
A MESSAGE TO THE TEA PARTY MOVEMENT

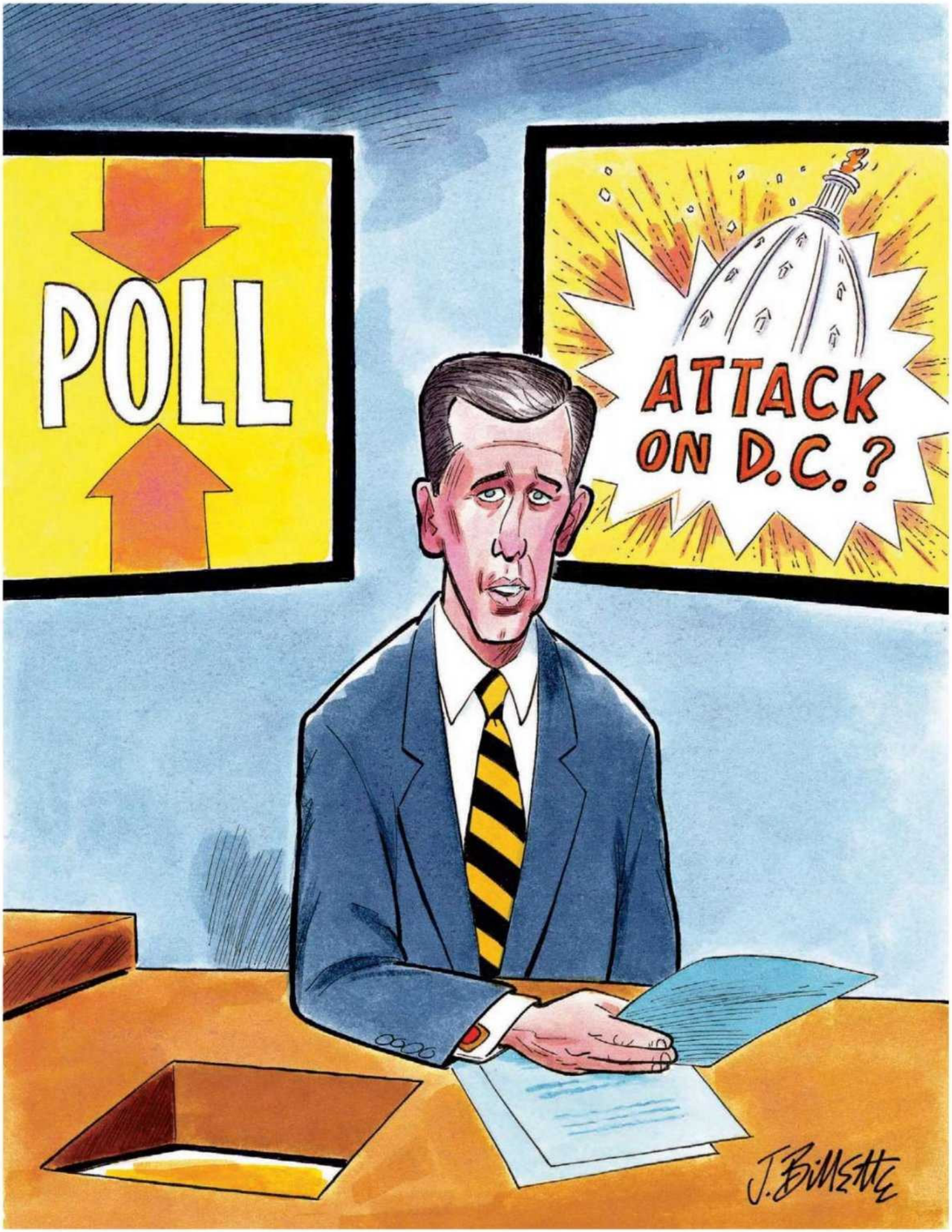
You have a reason to be angry. You are being screwed. The bankers get bailed out, but the working class is left to fend for itself at a time when jobs are hard to find. But your anger is misdirected.

You are being lied to. It's the corporations that have brought this about. They have corrupted both the Republicans and the Democrats. Aside from shipping your jobs overseas, corporations want their taxes reduced as a way of further increasing profits. Reduced tax revenue means less money for schools, hospitals, police, roads and everything else we need to keep our country running. The focus of your anger should be not just the government but also the banks and corporations that are looting taxpayer dollars. Your taxes—the taxes of working Americans—have already been cut by the Obama Administration.

It may indeed be time for a revolution. Just make sure you go after the right people.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"A recent poll reveals that if terrorists were to successfully target the U.S. House and Senate, 67% of Americans wouldn't be all that upset."

USE THE FORCE

Hey, *Star Wars* geek! Yes, we're talking to you. Think you have every possible collectible from the George Lucas universe? Sorry, but you don't. That is, until you pick up a set of Tyme Machines' just-released (and fully licensed) **Star Wars Sculpted USB Drives**. There are four iconic characters to choose from—Boba Fett, Darth Vader, Stormtrooper and Yoda—each with a functioning USB for holding various amounts of data.

The best part is since you blew your last paycheck on that life-size Slave Leia cutout, you can win a complete set for free! See details below.

Available at ***TymeMachines.com***. Suggested retail prices for each flash drive: 4GB, $29.99; 8GB, $39.99; 16GB, $59.99.

THE FRAME-UP

Everyone loves to share pictures with family and friends. But what if someone made it easy to share the photos you had on your wireless network with anyone, anywhere? The **Vizit Photo Frame** is the first two-way touchscreen digital photo frame that lets you share images (both yours and others') with people around the world. You can snap a shot on your cell phone and then immediately send that image across the USA to your own **Vizit** or anyone else's.

Offered in four colors, the 10.4-inch LED frame features an 800X600 SVGA resolution and automatic photo scaling. You can also load up your photos via a 2.0 USB or SD slot. So next time your girl is out of town and wants to send you a sexy shot of herself, all she has to do is **Vizit**.

Available at ***VizitMe.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99 (does not include service provider's photo plan).

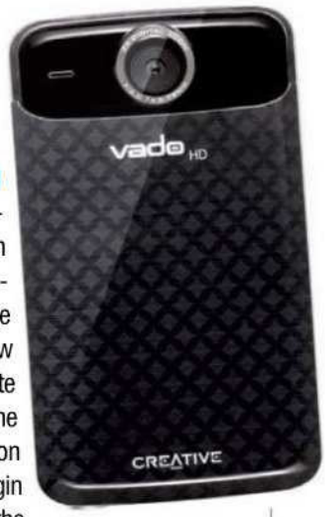
SPIES R' US

On the surface Swann's **PenCam Mini Video Camera & Recorder** looks like an ordinary expensive pen—the kind you might get as a Father's Day gift or steal from your lawyer's office. And to the uninformed, it writes just like a conventional pen. But to you, a sort of 007 in training, this unique writing instrument is an all-in-one surveillance device that lets you easily make your own hidden videos.

The **PenCam Mini** features a high-res lens for capturing color AVI videos in 640X480 resolution, delivering photographs at 1280X960. Its built-in 2GB memory lets you record up to an hour of video footage (or 900 still images). Then you can easily upload the footage and images via the pen's built-in USB to social sites like Facebook and YouTube. That way the rest of us can see your secretary's panties. Not that you would film that.

Available at ***SwannSecurity.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

STYLISH SNAPS



They say the third time's the charm. Apparently that's not only true of marriages; it works for gadgets as well. Case in point: Creative Labs' third-generation **Vado HD Pocket Video Camera**. This amazing camcorder is the perfect combination of stylish design and stunning HD video. Thanks to exposure adjustments, it even allows you to capture excellent-quality video in low or bright light. New features include headphone output for private listening, improved external stereo microphone and still-photo capture mode. Plus a new "motion detection mode" enables the camera to begin recording without being touched. Finally, the **Vado HD Pocket Video Camera** looks cooler than most of the things you've had in your palm lately. Seriously, dude, you need another hobby.

Available at ***Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $229.99.

GET YOUR GEEK ON!

Here's your chance to win a set of four cool **Star Wars USB flash drives**. And get this, we have ten sets to give away. For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: Star Wars USB Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Signature_____

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

HELL YEAH!

Dante's Inferno
EA
PS3, Xbox 360

When historians chronicle the greatest video games ever, and you know they will, *Dante's Inferno* will be in their top ten. This third-person action game is as intense as it gets. You are Dante, descending into Hell after the murder of your beloved wife after she was seduced into the underworld by Lucifer himself. Armed with a scythe and holy cross, you must battle the dark lord (and your own demons) through nine unique circles of Hell to save your beloved spouse's soul. Did we mention the harem of topless demon girls? Yeah, this game is a must-play!

BATTLE BABE

Bayonetta
Sega
PS3, Xbox 360

Directed by the guy behind *Devil May Cry*, this action-packed game is pure excitement. In it you are the super-sexy Bayonetta, a mystical witch with an arsenal of magical powers (and one big-ass gun) who battles a never-ending army of evil angels. All the action takes place in a stylish, steampunk-looking European city packed with eye-popping graphics and challenging landscapes. You'll have such a blast playing *Bayonetta* that you won't mind being a chick.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Tony Hawk: Ride
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360

We had grown pretty tired of Tony Hawk's branded skateboarding games. The last two lacked the adrenaline rush you experience when shredding down a halfpipe trying not to do a faceplant. Those negative feelings were blown away the first time we played his latest, *Tony Hawk: Ride*. Of course, the magic of this ultra-exciting game is the controller, which has the real-deal feel of a pro's skateboard, perfect for all the fast-paced action you'll experience while speeding through a bunch of new challenges. Mr. Hawk, we salute you.

MOVIE MONSTERS

Aliens vs. Predator
Sega
PS3, Xbox 360

Talk about cinematic reality. Based on the popular sci-fi flicks, the new *Aliens vs. Predator* game really makes you feel as if you're starring in a big-screen blockbuster. You can play as one of three unique characters—a colonial marine, the Alien or the Predator—in this blood-soaked, totally immersive first-person shooter thrill ride.

UNMASKING THE PRESIDENT

LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF OBAMA'S GRASSROOTS CAMPAIGN, AND LENDING A BIG HAND, WERE WALL STREET BANKS.

As you read these words in the future, some weeks after they were written, you may be hearing on your nightly newscast about a new law the President has just signed that promises to fundamentally reform the way banks operate and are regulated in order to protect individual consumers as well as the national and global economies. But it won't change anything important. The banks will still have a license to steal.

That's because, some two years after the free-falling investment house Bear Stearns tore a black hole in the thin-skinned superbubble pumped up by Wall Street speculators, Washington, D.C., has been completely unable to establish any authority over the banking industry it bailed out.

After the banking meltdown there was no difference in the policy pursued by Barack Obama over that of George W. Bush.

Trillions of taxpayer dollars were put at risk to buy the toxic assets that the banks bought and marketed with such abandon. The federal bailout saved most of the big banks from bankruptcy, they used the money to buy the assets of those that did fail, and at the end of the day the financial industry was more concentrated in a few hands than ever. By allowing it to get even bigger, we are being set up for the next crisis.

Not that politicians haven't flapped their gums plenty, when convenient, about helping to protect Main Street from Wall Street predators. Even our normally reserved President has allowed himself to indulge a few hearty denunciations of "fat cats" now and again. Republicans meanwhile have opposed any effort to rein in Wall Street. The Democrats have not done much better.

That's because the banking lobby owns both political parties—particularly now, after the Supreme Court committed the supreme absurdity of ruling that the big corporations are just like any ordinary citizen and that to control their buying of politicians would interfere with their free speech rights. Who are we kidding when it comes to the pretense of living in a democracy when even the puny limits on campaign financing have been eliminated, and more than ever it is money that talks?

When it comes to doing the bidding of Wall Street, it doesn't matter much whether the Republicans or Democrats are in charge. After the banking meltdown there was no difference in the policy pursued by Barack Obama over that of George W. Bush. Both had nothing else to offer except throwing money at Wall Street while ignoring the pain of ordinary folks who were losing their jobs and homes. Both political parties kept the bailout gravy train rolling for Goldman Sachs, Citibank, JPMorgan Chase and all the other good ol' boy banks, while handing the keys to economic policy to the same array of slicksters that created this mess.

Whenever Obama started to get the least bit tough with the financial hustlers that got us into all of this, the big boys on Wall Street let the kids in Washington know who was boss. After Obama dared voice a desire for some return for ordinary taxpayers who footed the bailout bill, several of his Wall Street backers promptly—and publicly—shifted some political donations from Democrats to Republicans.

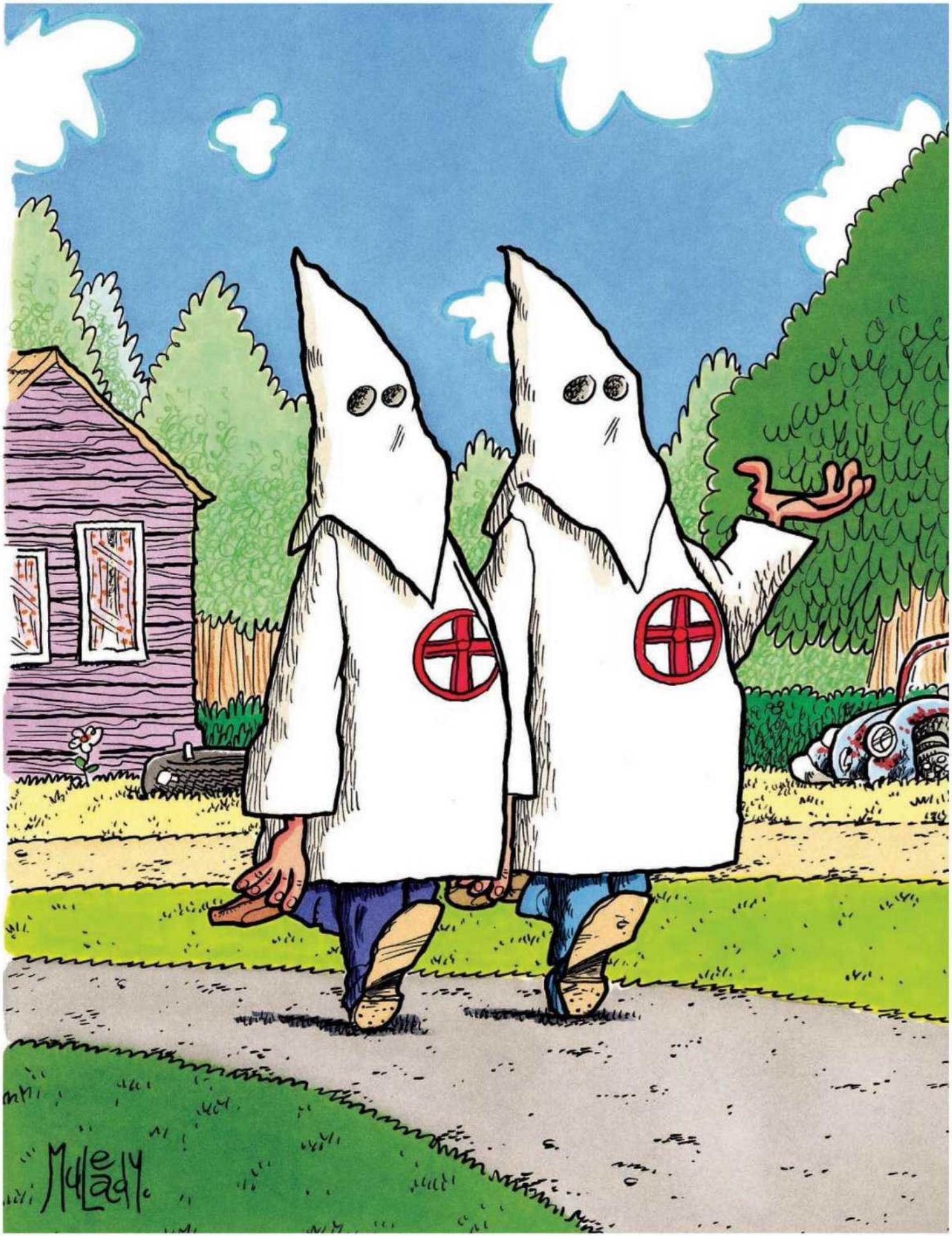
"Buyer's remorse," joked Texas Republican Senator John Cornyn, apparently glad to sell his party to any bidder shifting its enthusiasm from the President they thought they had bought. For example, as the *New York Times* put it, JPMorgan CEO Jamie Dimon "is a friend of President Obama's from Chicago, a frequent White House guest and a big Democratic donor." But even he was complaining to Obama about the President's loose talk of reinstalling some post-Depression regulations stripped out of the law books during the Bush I and Clinton administrations. As if to punctuate the point, the *Times* said Dimon's traditionally Democratic Party-leaning megabank was shifting its electoral cash sluices toward the GOP.

Joining Dimon in pressuring the President was Robert Wolf, chief of the U.S. division of the Swiss-owned bank UBS. Wolf, who plays golf and watches fireworks with the President, was appointed by Obama to the Presidential Economic Recovery Advisory Board, headed by former Fed chief Paul Volcker. Wolf was upset when Obama recently endorsed Volcker's proposal for restoring the spirit of the Glass-Steagall Act by separating investment from commercial banking, as it was for six decades of financial stability before the big-money people decided that stuff was old hat and for sissies.

Dimon and Wolf were just being cautious; they can't be too worried. After all, take the mask off the Obama candidacy and there was always a deeply disturbing reality that his massive Internet-driven grassroots contributor base concealed: Obama was the first major-party Presidential candidate since Richard Nixon to base his campaign fundraising exclusively on private rather than public funds.

The appearance of all those coins flowing in from the common folk denied the harsh reality that Obama's campaign contributions established him as the darling of Wall Street financiers every bit as much as George W. Bush. Pity that We the People, that majority of Americans forced to pay dearly for Wall Street's scamming, never got the populist in the White House we thought we had elected.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"I was sure God had put George W. Bush in the White House ten years ago. Now that there's a nigger President, I'm convinced there's no God."

CONQUEROR SCOTT BROWN: INSTANT HERO?

THE SENATE'S NEWEST MEMBER WILL FIT RIGHT IN AS PRESIDENT OBAMA RETAINS "LEGAL" TORTURE AND ESCALATES THE WAR ON THE CONSTITUTION.

When barely known Republican Scott Brown took the late Ted Kennedy's Senate seat, it was front-page news that shook the White House. The Democrats had lost their 60-vote hammer to stop Republican filibusters. Also, the new senator had the "common man" aura, campaigning across Massachusetts in his pickup truck. And Brown won a strong majority of the state's large bloc of independent voters.

But how independent of the Bush-Cheney legacy—now vigorously continued by Obama—of bypassing the Constitution is this guy? Right after Brown's victory I discovered that he supports waterboarding. This form of torture—making an interrogated prisoner believe he is about to be drowned—is illegal under the U.S. War Crimes Act of 1996, the Torture Act of 2000 and the United Nations Convention Against Torture, which the U.S. signed and ratified.

In his acceptance speech, moreover, Senator Brown showed multidimensional ignorance by proclaiming that our Constitution does "not grant rights and privileges to enemies in wartime." But the Supreme Court's 2008 *Boumediene* v. *Bush* decision granted Guantanamo prisoners the right, under our Constitution, to file habeas corpus petitions to make the government justify their imprisonment. And then the shining new senator also harrumphed that "in dealing with terrorists, our tax dollars should pay for weapons to stop them—not lawyers to defend them."

But how do we know, under our rule of law, that individuals taken into custody are actually terrorists until there are lawyers to represent them? And where did Senator Brown get the notion that our tax dollars are going to such defenders of accused terrorists as the American Civil Liberties Union, the Center for Constitutional Rights and various lawyers in Washington firms who volunteer to represent them?

Also, Brown is emphatically against "giving new rights to terrorists." Again, shouldn't we first find out if they *are* terrorists, and which "new rights" does he have in his cluttered mind?

So far the media has been Scott Brown's cheerleader. However, I have a grave question that I hope the elite Washington press corps asks the gladiator senator: Does he believe that a President of the United States has the legal authority to order, without going to any judge, the targeted assassination of an American citizen considered to be involved with al-Qaeda or other direct terrorist threats to our country?

On February 3, 2010, Director of National Intelligence Dennis Blair declared that President Barack Obama *does* have the authority to assassinate such Americans. Admiral Blair was reacting to a January 27, 2010, front-page *Washington Post* report by Pulitzer Prize-winner Dana Priest that in Yemen, in a hunt for terrorists, forces involved in joint operations with Yemeni troops conducted targeted assassinations—approved by President Obama—that have killed six top leaders of al-Qaeda affiliates among scores of other people, including civilians.

The absence of judicial approval and Congressional oversight is "basically giving the President the power to impose death sentences on his own citizens without any charges or trial."

Priest added significantly that these operations include "a short list of U.S. citizens specifically targeted for killing or capture by the JSOC [the Pentagon's Joint Special Operations Command—Army Rangers, Delta Forces, Green Berets, et al.]."

Yemen isn't the only country where Presidentially authorized hit lists are being implemented. The CIA's pilotless Predator drones, guided thousands of miles away by agents at CIA headquarters in Virginia, are being deployed elsewhere. As William Fisher reported in TruthOut.org: "The Obama Administration is ramping up its use of drone unmanned aircraft to execute targeted killings in Afghanistan and Pakistan, and perhaps other locations—and in the process, killing [innocent] civilians along with insurgents."

These assassinations are being conducted in our name as Americans. Accordingly, in a Freedom of Information Act request to the President, the ACLU wants to know, as do I, the geographical scope of these deadly missions, the civilian casualty toll and how many fatalities in Afghanistan were al-Qaeda or Taliban. Also, of course, on what legal basis are these assassinations being conducted?

As for any Americans on any of these hit lists, former Constitutional lawyer Glenn Greenwald, a dauntless exposer of Bush-Cheney and Obama lawlessness, has emphasized at CommonDreams.org that without any judicial approval or specific oversight by Congress, these executions are "basically giving the President the power to impose death sentences on his own citizens without any charges or trial."

And what about the innocent civilians killed as "collateral" damage" during these assassinations? Said Philip Alston, the U.N.'s special rapporteur on extrajudicial executions: "We need the United States to be more upfront and say, 'Okay, we're willing to discuss some aspects of this program.' Otherwise you have the really problematic bottom line that the CIA is running a program that is killing significant numbers of people, and there is absolutely no accountability in terms of the relevant international laws."

I haven't heard or seen any deeply troubled member of Congress seconding that urgent request to the President. I have also heard nothing about these extrajudicial assassinations from Senator Scott Brown. Now that the news is out, where are the demands from protesters, however small in number, in our streets?

As Obama continues to increase drone annihilations, there will be even more successful recruiting by our terrorist enemies than happened after the release of photos depicting what U.S. troops were doing to Abu Ghraib prisoners. Is this America?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"And do you, Elizabeth, take James vaginally, anally and orally?"

THE SATAN FACTOR

OR WHY I LOST MY FAITH IN GOD

After years of doing talk shows about wars I arose one day to find that all this chatter about God being on our side was getting to me. The constant invoking of a deity prompted me to ask myself a major intellectual question: *Is* there a God?

I know there is (spoiler alert) no Santa Claus. There is no Easter Bunny or Tooth Fairy. So how come I believe in God? In my case, I realized, it was because I wasn't taking any chances. If there were a God and I hadn't believed in Him, I would spend eternity in Hell with George W. Bush and Hitler. But that wasn't a good enough reason to believe. So my logical and ostensibly divinely created brain finally decided, "There is no God."

My belief in science is why I can't wrap my brain around the notion that a sentient being brought about what Bible-thumpers call "Intelligent Design." If God were such a design genius, why did He create man with a prostate that is wrapped around the urethra so it's harder to pee as men get older? Good going, God. A few inches either way would have solved that problem.

Meanwhile, there's never been a war where the name of God wasn't invoked. Every army in history has believed God was on its side. So how come a God-fearing army loses?

I'm amazed how many people don't know that Muslims pray to the same God as Christians and Jews. Both sides are fighting each other over who has the covenant of God.

The covenant was handed down from God to Abraham. It was God's promise to protect His people and allow them to multiply if they, in return, would obey two simple rules: worship Him as the single God (monotheism) and circumcise all males (apparently to correct a defect in his "Intelligent Design"). Muslims, who are also descended from Abraham, believe they are the only true owners of God's covenant because the Jews broke it when they worshiped the Golden Calf while Moses was out hiking.

European noblemen launched the first crusade to take back the Holy Land from the heathen Muslims. George W. Bush triggered the most recent crusade. I'm sure Bush thought he was doing God's work. In fact, while President, W. even mentioned the word *crusade* in one of his speeches. That went over well with the Muslims, escalating their fears and justifying their jihad.

Like it or not, what we have created in the Middle East is a holy war. Two God-fearing peoples have killed hundreds of thousands of innocents in His name. As Edward G. Robinson asked in *The Ten Commandments*, "Where's your God now, Moses?"

Then there are the more trivial invocations of God's name. For example, "In God We Trust" appears on all our nation's money. Don't we believe in the separation of Church and State? What does money have to do with God? Oh, yes, I forgot: In the United States, money *is* God! My bad.

How about those awards ceremonies where the winner runs onstage, grabs the award, looks upward and says, "Thank you, God." I don't think God had anything to do with the outcome. It was a combination of talent and the bad judgment of those who did the voting.

Then there's the baseball player who crosses himself before swinging the bat. Does he really think—with the host of things God must attend to, like all the deaths and natural disasters *in the entire universe!*—that He has time for a ballplayer's shitty little turn at bat?

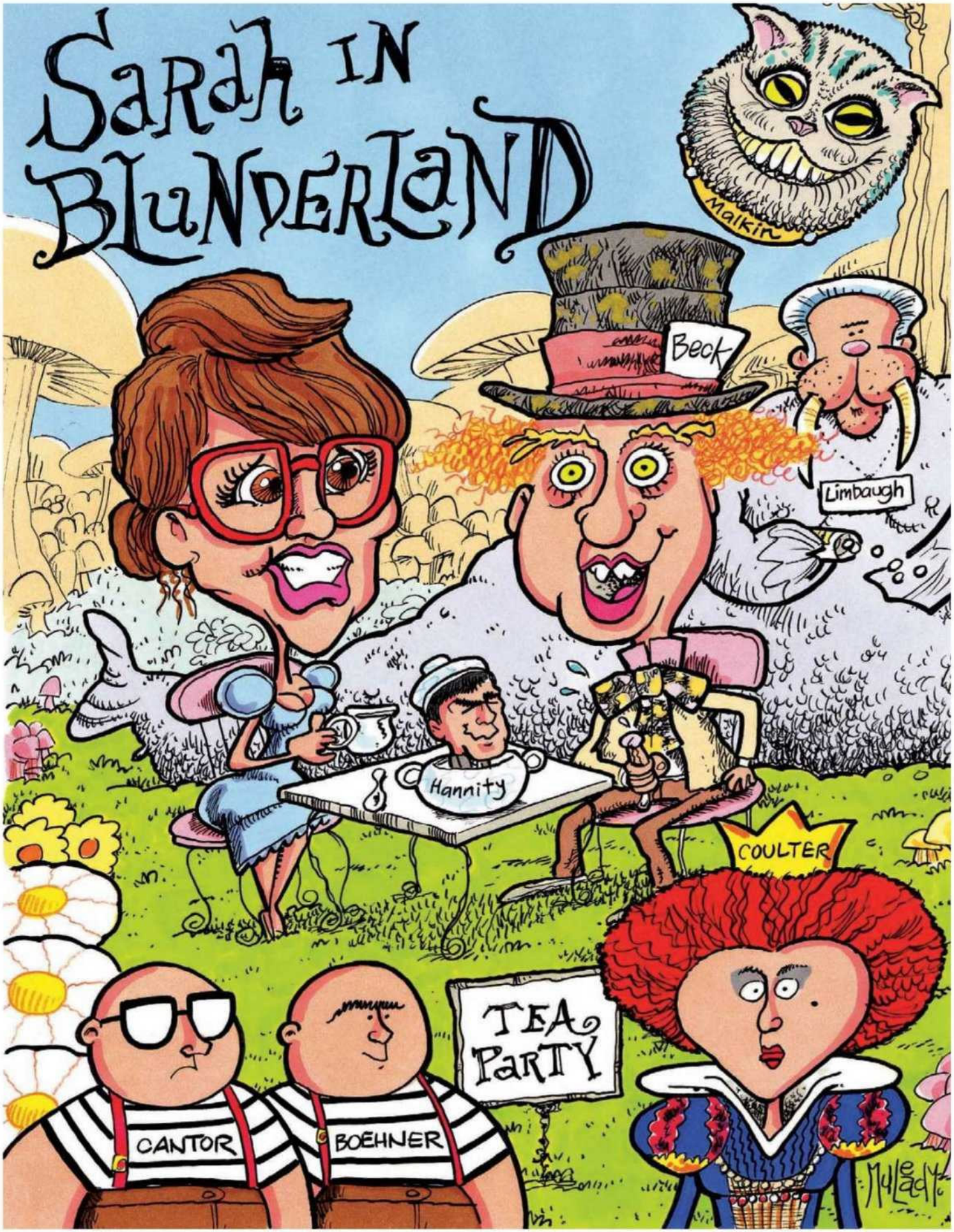
It bothers me when people pray. Most of the time it's for themselves and not for others. Most praying is simply a selfish act. I admit that even though I now consider myself an atheist, I say a prayer every night. But it's to send out a good thought, always for other people and very rarely if ever for myself.

There's nothing wrong with the concept of a loving, all-powerful deity. But when a country gets too invested in the idea that God is a reality, people get hurt. They are misled into thinking someone or something else they can't even see has power over their lives when the real power is within themselves.

But what if there actually is a man with a beard and a white robe? What will I do when my time is up? Well, if He is the God as advertised, He'll forgive me and praise me for using the wonderful brain He created, albeit to a wrong conclusion. Then He'll say, "Come right in, and if you turn left, your friend Bruce David is waiting for you."

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home. Back in the '70s, Bennett and HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David were the brains behind the pioneering adult cable show *Midnight Blue*.

"Another heart attack?! Use all miraculous procedures! Stop at nothing! We do not want Dick Cheney down here!"



"We're not all mad as hatters in the Tea Party! Some of us are actually fucking retarded!"

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

PURE FUCKING MAGIC

SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT, SOME DON'T. THOSE WHO DO USUALLY GET WHAT THEY WANT.

We've all seen it happen. At a party, a meeting or a reception—a roomful of people noisily absorbed in their separate conversations—when someone walks through the door. Everything stops, and all heads snap in his or her direction. That someone possesses a strange magnetism that attracts everyone else's focus. One word for it is *charisma*. I call it "pure fucking magic."

In *Apocalypse Now* the narrator, Martin Sheen's Captain Willard, says that Colonel Kilgore, the Robert Duvall character, "was one of those guys that had that weird light around him. You just knew he wasn't gonna get so much as a scratch here [in Vietnam]." That "weird light" is PFM.

Katharine Hepburn once said of Michael Jackson it was not just his singing that was fascinating; you also couldn't stop *watching* him. It's that thing certain personalities have which makes them fascinating and, sometimes, even terrifying.

I have met or seen more than a few celebrities who did not have it, but I will leave their names out of this. Everyone's notion of PFM is different anyway. One person's pure fucking magic idol is another's pure fucking dud. Still, we can all agree on some celebrities who've had this quality. Clark Gable had it big time; Marlene Dietrich and Marilyn Monroe had it; so did Elvis. Steve McQueen, Jean Harlow, Cary Grant, Mae West, Steve Cochran, Coco Chanel (my dear friend) and talk show host and Hollywood perennial Skip E. Lowe all qualify.

I saw Clark Gable for the first time at the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, airport when I was five years old. Word had gotten out that the movie star and his wife, Carole Lombard, were flying in from nearby Brookings, where they had been hunting.

A crowd of townspeople waited to get a glimpse when a chartered plane brought them in for a connecting flight to Omaha. I sat on my father's shoulders in the cold night air, watching as Gable and Lombard rushed past us into the small terminal building, followed by assistants carrying gun cases and dead pheasants. You couldn't miss the couple's magic. It haloed them like a holy light. Twenty years later I would witness Gable's magic up close when I starred opposite him in *Teacher's Pet*.

When I was 18 years old and working in New York, I saw Ernest Hemingway and Marlene Dietrich at Birdland. As Miles Davis played his heart out in the crowded, smoky room, you couldn't miss them shining like a pair of spotlights. Miles himself was an artist who exhibited his own peculiar sort of glow.

That night I was the date of one of the country's greatest celebrities: Jack Dempsey, 40-some years my senior. As the former heavyweight champion of the world, his PFM quotient was as high as anyone in the city. As a noncelebrity at the time, I basked in the glow of it.

I dated Elvis one magical night when I was headlining in Las Vegas. He had come to see my show. Backstage afterward, when he asked if I wanted to go out on the town, I must have considered it for maybe five seconds.

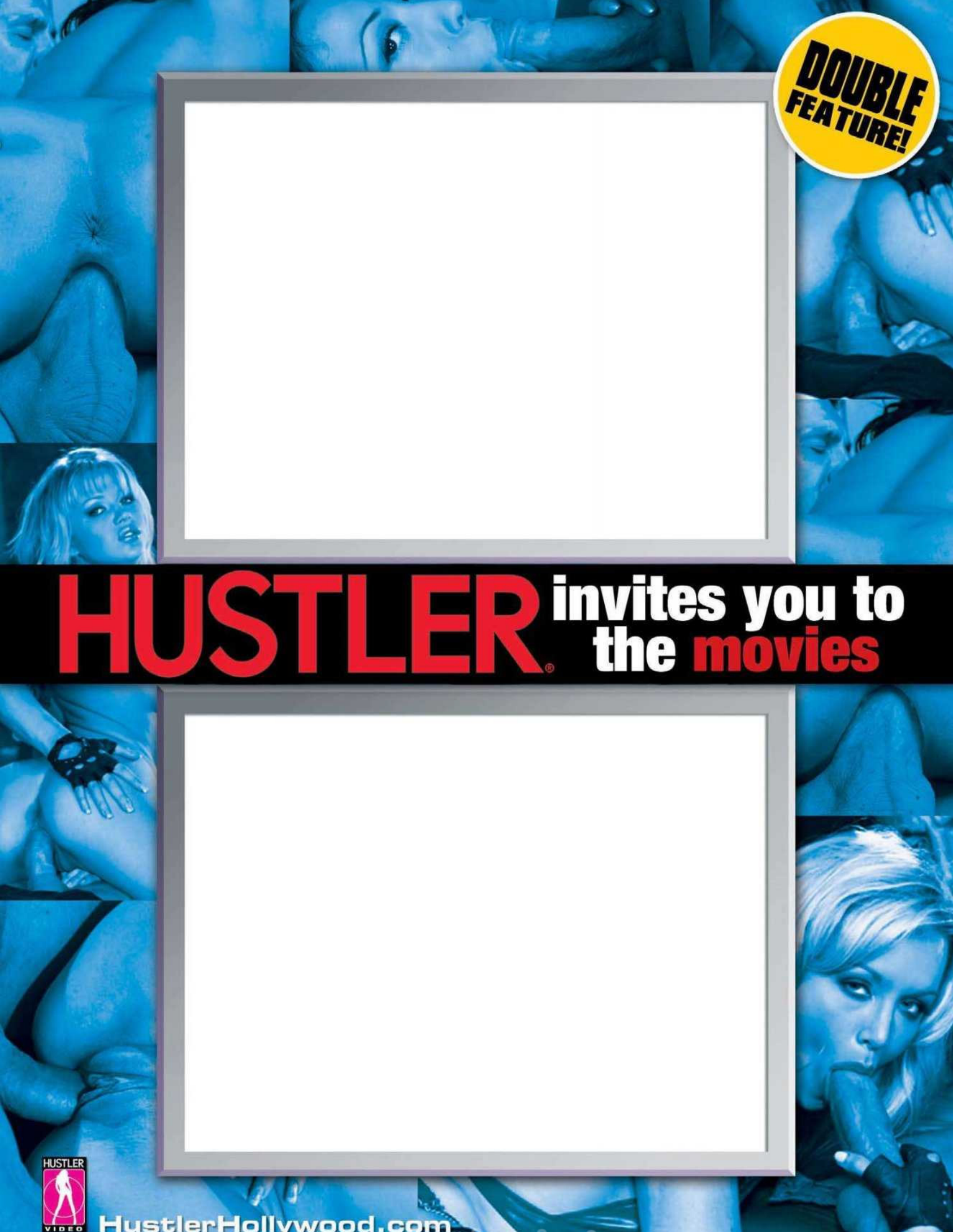
Off we went in his pink Caddy, gambling and carousing Vegas-style. At the end of the evening, Elvis and I parked in the hotel lot, necking and groping each other like teenagers. He even sang "Love Me Tender." Now *that* was a man who *really* had pure fucking magic.

PFM is more than just recognition of a famous face. Energy is flowing out of an individual every moment, like a radio signal that we're all tuned into. You may never have seen the person before, but his or her level of PFM is so strong, you can only stare and say, "That one has it."

Case in point: The Los Angeles Lakers' power forward and center Pau Gasol, who came to the NBA team in February 2008. As soon as I saw the 7-foot-tall Spaniard on TV, I said, "That is a star." Though Gasol is quiet and unassuming for a Lakers player, he has a magical aura that guarantees you can't help but watch him on the court.

How do you sum up pure fucking magic? It is more than fame but less than greatness. You can see it but you can't teach it. It is given at birth and can't be bought. It can't be faked. It is magic—pure and fuckin' simple.

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com

New Declaration

It is time for us to wake up to the fact that our democracy is a convenient illusion under which our corporate-owned representatives are reinterpreting the intent of the U.S. Constitution. The freedoms and rights that we sacrificed life and health to uphold and defend have been modified by judicial process into a corporate Bill of Rights that no longer serves the citizens of our nation.

Political philosopher Sheldon Wolin calls this "the political coming of age of corporate power and the political demobilization of the citizenry."

Our democratic process has been reduced to stagecraft in which bills are authored by corporate attorneys and not our elected representatives. These laws are not for our benefit but serve corporate interests.

Any journalist, activist or intellectual who expresses a liberal social viewpoint is shredded by the corporate-owned media and dismissed as a socialist and unpatriotic.

Our elected leaders should be pledging their allegiance to the citizens they were elected to serve.

Our flag now represents a national myth, an ideal that no longer exists. Our votes have more weight when we cast them for a contestant on *American Idol* than they do in our corporate-funded electoral process.

We do not enjoy the social benefits of a great nation. The military-and-intelligence industry has drained us dry. It operates with no moral culpability for the death and destruction it creates under the illusion of spreading democracy and freedom.

Our once-proud military now exists only to serve industrialists and turn a profit on the most inhumane act ever devised by humankind: war. Corporate profiteers send good patriots to die not in defense of the nation but in defense of profits.

Our privately owned Federal Reserve creates debt to fund the wars. This debt is serviced with income tax to benefit the international banking cartel, some members of which are not citizens of our nation and have no loyalty to it.

We have become new feudal slaves to a system that no longer serves to benefit the citizenry. This facade of freedom has served our corporations first. We have been legislated into bondage.

We have been sitting by, amusing ourselves with trivial distractions. It's not too late to awaken.

—Samuel L. Karnatz
Vero Beach, Florida

Hand to Hand

I'm a Marine serving in Nawa, Afghanistan. I'm currently on my fourth deployment. Ever since the bullets started flying on my first tour, your magazine has helped me with my stress level.

We have a few of your magazines with us, and believe me when I say they get passed around a lot. No matter how many times you get handed the same magazine, you have to read it again. Thanks for the great gift. Semper Fi!

—Sergeant Mayor
Nawa, Afghanistan

Troop Support

I want to start by saying HUSTLER is probably the best magazine out there. My fellow Marines and I are faithful readers.

We're out here in Nawa, Afghanistan, serving our great country, but at times I think you're the real heroes of this war. Without your mag there would be way too much stress for us to be able to operate.

I'm not going to lie to you. It does get lonely, and we do miss our families. But when we read your mag, it really brings us home. Thank you for your service.

—PFC Lopez
Nawa, Afghanistan

Kayden Kross continues to charm HUSTLER readers. Check out our review and Q&A about her latest antics on pages 116-117.

Jen-X

Thanks for a wonderful April 2010 issue. As a big fan of Jennifer Aniston, I'm glad you finally made her a Celebrity Fantasy by sticking a prick in her little pout. She looks even sexier sucking cock than she does in her TV shows and movies.

—Dennis Comstock
North Muskegon, Michigan

Barack and Forth

I thought Larry Flynt's talk with Edward Norton (April '10) was fascinating, but frustrating as well. Norton's apologetic tone regarding Obama is typical of the loyal lefty camp afraid to slam the President even when he betrays his entire campaign platform.

Norton even implies that we shouldn't criticize because Obama and his people proved in their campaign that they're "smarter than the rest of us." No, they're not. And running a smart campaign is not the same thing as running a country.

Obama doesn't have much time to implement real change. That said, I hope—like Norton does—that the good part of his Presidency is still ahead of us.

At any rate, the conversation was a good read, if more for Flynt's questions than Norton's answers.

—A. J.
Leesburg, Virginia

Real Dolls

Thanks for the personal look at porn stars like Kayden Kross and Jenna Haze in your Day in the Life profiles. Guys need to know that behind the fantasies they whack off to are real women with hearts and brains.

—L.O.
Alice, Texas

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

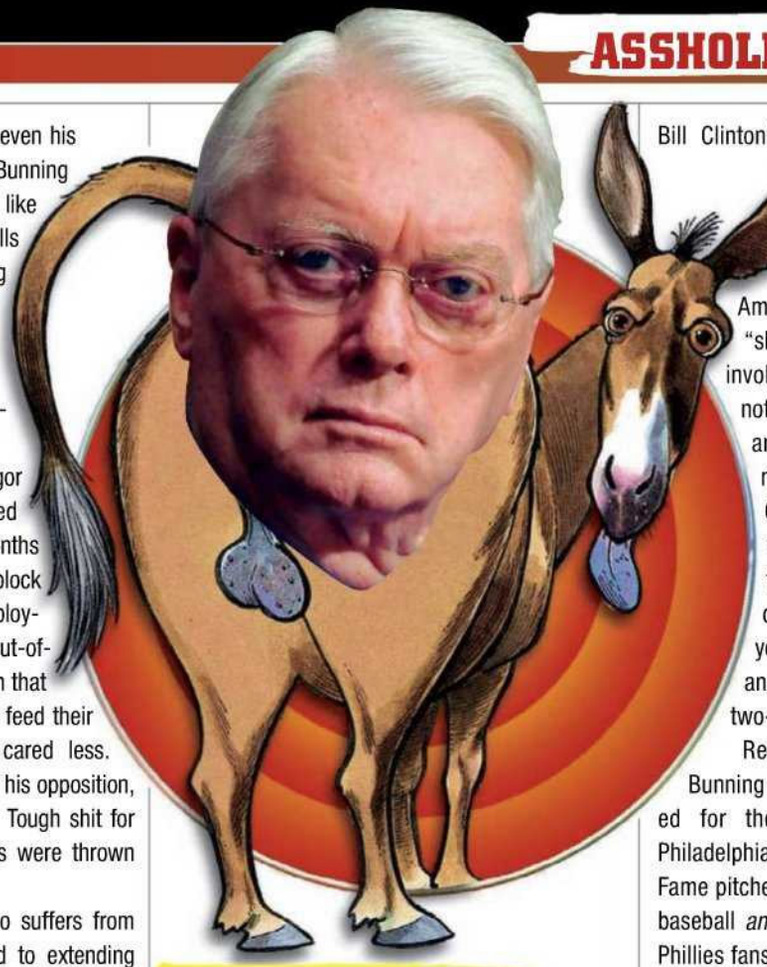
Walmart

We Got the Lead Out!

Walmart strives to bring you lower prices while keeping you, our valued customers, safe. When we discovered Mattel toys produced in China used lead paint, we took care of the problem right away. And the minute we found out the Chinese were at it again, making kids' jewelry laced with the dangerous toxin cadmium, we pulled the tainted products off our shelves as well.

As soon as the press made us aware of these hazards, we reacted. Some may say we should have paid closer attention before the items made their way to our stores, but that would have cost money. And that would have meant passing those increased costs on to you. We'll continue to pull dangerous merchandise the moment we and the American public find out about it. And not a moment sooner. After all, if we piss off the Chinese, it would cost us millions of dollars in lost profits.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is political commentary on how Chinese manufacturers continue to put dangerous toxins into our foods, vitamins and even our kids' toys. And how the retail giant Walmart is blindly (or is it?) importing these items into America, once again putting profit over safety. For more info check out WalMartWatch.com. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



JIM BUNNING

Nobody likes this guy—not even his fellow Republicans. Jim Bunning makes Dick Cheney look like the Tooth Fairy. Public-opinion polls show the senator's approval rating in his home state of Kentucky is as low as 28%, which could explain why he isn't seeking reelection in 2010. And even the GOP won't support his efforts.

Bunning, whose intellectual rigor has been compared to cooked spaghetti, made news a few months back with his one-man filibuster to block the Senate from extending unemployment benefits. Never mind that out-of-work Americans were depending on that money to pay their mortgages and feed their families. Bunning couldn't have cared less. When asked by a Democrat to drop his opposition, he responded, "Tough shit!" Right! Tough shit for the 1.2 million people whose lives were thrown into turmoil.

The 78-year-old lawmaker, who suffers from delusions of competency, objected to extending government benefits because there wasn't money in the budget to cover it. Let us explain something to you, Jim: The Senate has passed a lot of bills that ran us into a deficit. The wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, for starters. How come you weren't concerned about paying for those boondoggles?! The bill you held up was to help average Americans who'd lost their jobs because of Republican policies. That's *your* party, Asshole!

Of course, being a multimillionaire, Bunning has no trouble taking care of his own finances. Aside from the $174,000 he earns annually as a U.S. senator, he also has a side business that brings in serious bucks. We're talking about the supposed nonprofit Jim Bunning Foundation. This "charity" has apparently raked in $504,000 since 1996, but it has doled out only around 25% of that amount. Nonetheless, for an hour a week of his time, Bunning has paid himself a total of $180,000. That makes him the charity's biggest recipient! (Maybe *that's* why it's called the Jim Bunning Foundation.) Melanie Sloan, executive director of Citizens for Responsibility and Ethics in Washington, said, "The whole thing is very troubling."

So were Bunning's actions during his 2004 reelection campaign. For example, the senator claimed that his opponent looked like "one of Saddam Hussein's sons" and that he'd sent "little green doctors" to physically abuse Bunning and his wife. (No proof was ever offered.)

Bunning also walled himself off from the press and his constituents, actually hiding at Republican National Committee headquarters during a *live debate* with his opponent. Since he demanded the participants be in separate locations, the debate was conducted via TV cameras. And get this! Bunning read from a teleprompter! For a live debate! That beats the hell out of Sarah Palin's writing on her hand, no?

The list of Bunning's bizarre behavior goes on: In February 2009, at the Republicans' Hardin County (Kentucky) Lincoln Day Dinner, he predicted that U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg would soon be dead of pancreatic cancer. (She's still alive and kicking.) So weird is Bunning that he even "sent shivers" up Bill Clinton's spine when the President tried dealing with him, recalls a former White House insider.

Maybe that explains why *Time* called Bunning one of America's Five Worst Senators. He "shows little interest in policy unless it involves baseball," the newsmagazine noted, citing his "lackluster performance." In 2009, for example, Bunning missed over a week at the start of Congress. In December of that year he missed 21 Senate votes, including the Christmas Eve vote on healthcare. You remember that one, don't you? Despite strong Republican resistance, it passed along party lines by a two-vote margin.

Remarkably, in his younger years, Bunning was actually a hero to kids who rooted for the Detroit Tigers and, later, the Philadelphia Phillies. (It's ironic that the Hall of Fame pitcher is famous for his strikeouts both in baseball *and* in the Senate.) But even die-hard Phillies fans lost faith in Bunning when the team blew a six-game lead with only 12 left to play in the 1964 pennant race. The loss of ten straight games has largely been attributed to starting pitchers Bunning and Chris Short, but mostly Bunning. Among other things, he refused to follow instructions from the team's manager.

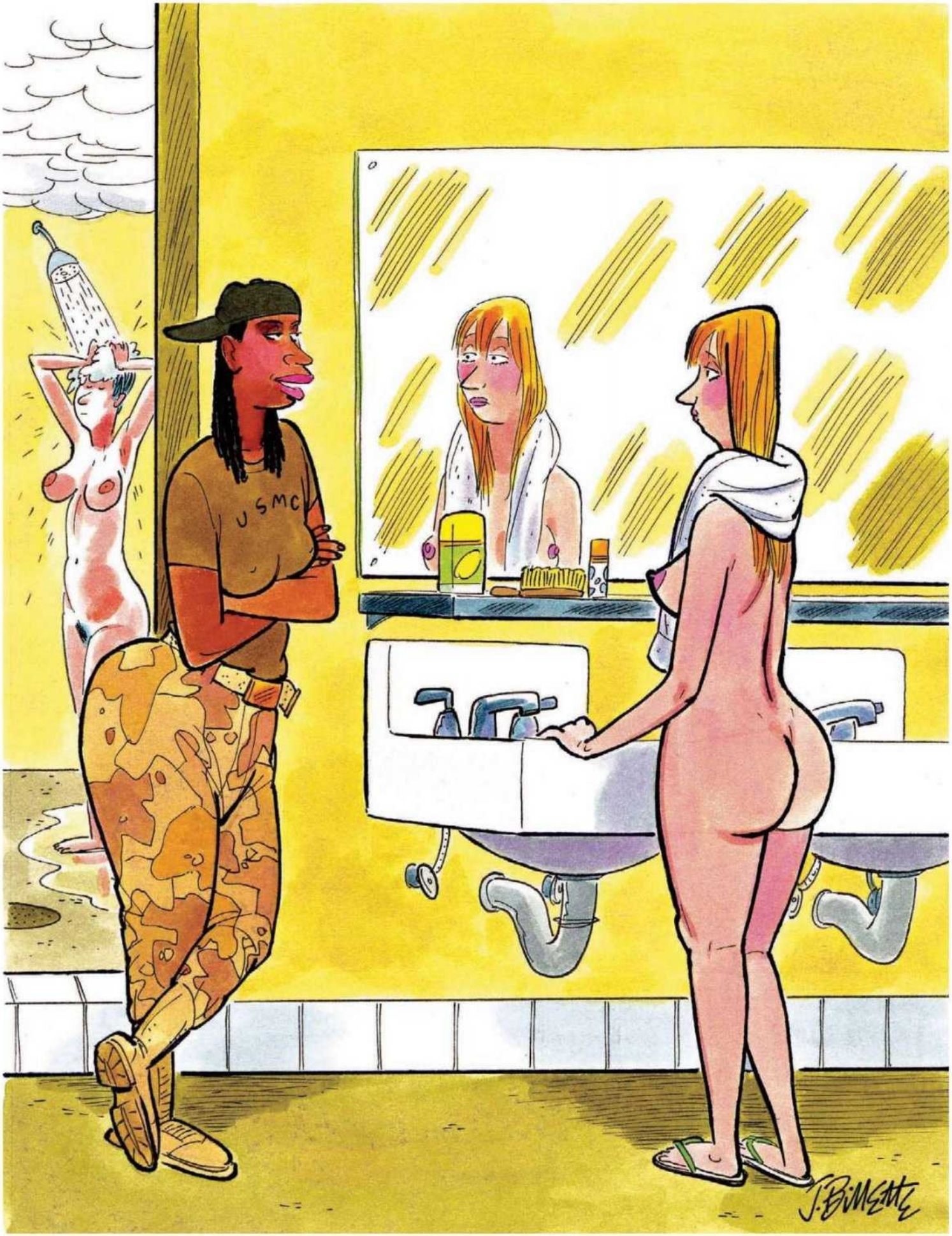
So what does this all say about Bunning other than his being an example of a DNA-sequencing tragedy? You also could label Bunning a *sociopath*. Anyone willing to let other people suffer needlessly—thanks to his filibuster—is obviously devoid of human feeling. *Corrupt* is another word that comes to mind. Of course, we believe most lawmakers are corrupt. And the Jim Bunning Foundation sure raises our eyebrows.

Finally, Bunning is as dumb as a rosin bag. Apparently unhappy with press coverage during his last campaign, he told reporters, "Let me explain something: I don't watch the news, and I don't read the paper." Right, Jim. That's a good formula for staying on top of the issues. But how can you expect favorable coverage from the press when you gave the finger to an ABC reporter?

Goodbye, Jim. You won't be missed—by anyone!

FARTS IN THE WIND

DR. PHIL McGRAW, TV's sickeningly sanctimonious daddy figure, never gets tired of preaching the evils of pornography and how it destroys marriages. Strangely, the clinical psychologist destroyed his own first marriage by allegedly being an unfaithful, domineering prick. His ex, a onetime cheerleader, says she was restricted to domestic duties and "looking nice," which included lifting weights to improve her bustline. After she left him in 1973, McGraw pounced on a 19-year-old fresh out of high school. They married three years later, providing the ex-jock another stay-at-home bride, kitchen slave and baby oven. Despite publicly deriding porn, Dr. Phil served as best man when son Jay married a former *Playboy* Playmate. The pseudotherapist has also been slammed by psychologists as an unethical hack. Remember when Dr. Phil tried to "intervene" on behalf of Britney Spears during the pop diva's child-custody meltdown, and she (wisely) had nothing to do with him? Finally, a former patient hired to be his intern came out last year and called McGraw a "monster" for allegedly fondling her back in 1984. Although that accusation hasn't been substantiated yet, Dr. Phil is still a real stinker.

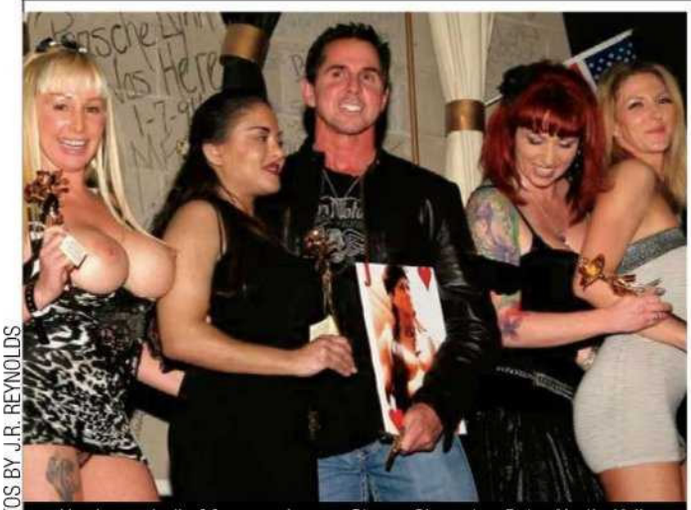


"Usually I don't ask and I don't tell. But, girl, I would love to lick you into next week."

Joanna Storm makes her mark.

LEGENDS OF LUST

Once a year the adult industry pays tribute to its trailblazers. This year's Legends of Erotica ceremony, which was held at Showgirl Video in Las Vegas, honored Roxanne Hall, Kylie Ireland, Cleopatra of the Nile, Joanna Storm and Peter North, who placed their hands (and other body parts) into wet cement for posterity. Organizer Bill Margold hopes to someday display all the impressions cast over the years in an adult-entertainment museum.



Hard-core hall of famers: Joanna Storm, Cleopatra, Peter North, Kylie Ireland and Rachel Hall

You dirty, dirty girl.

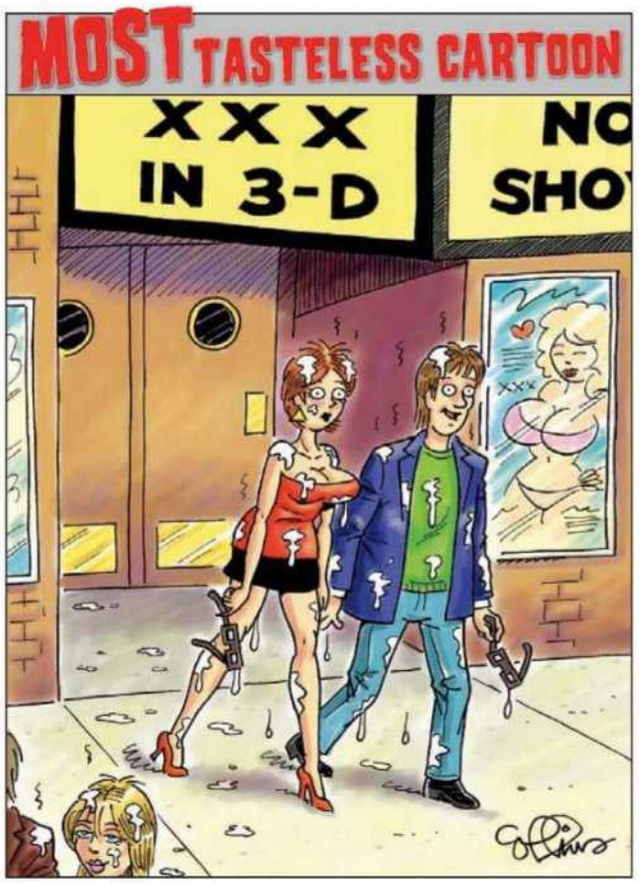
Kylie gives good mic.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PORN FROM THE PAST

This vintage Fourth of July backyard barbecue is sure to set off fireworks…in your pants! Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, for this photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



"You haven't seen porn until you've seen it in 3-D!"

"I wish I could drink like a lady. I can take one or two at the most. After three I'm under the table. After four I'm under the host."—DOROTHY PARKER, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Neytiri LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Neytiri is hot. She's sexy. She's blue. Being sci-fi geeks at heart, we couldn't help ourselves. We had to put a dick in the mouth of the biggest box-office beauty ever. Besides, you know you've already jerked off to her.

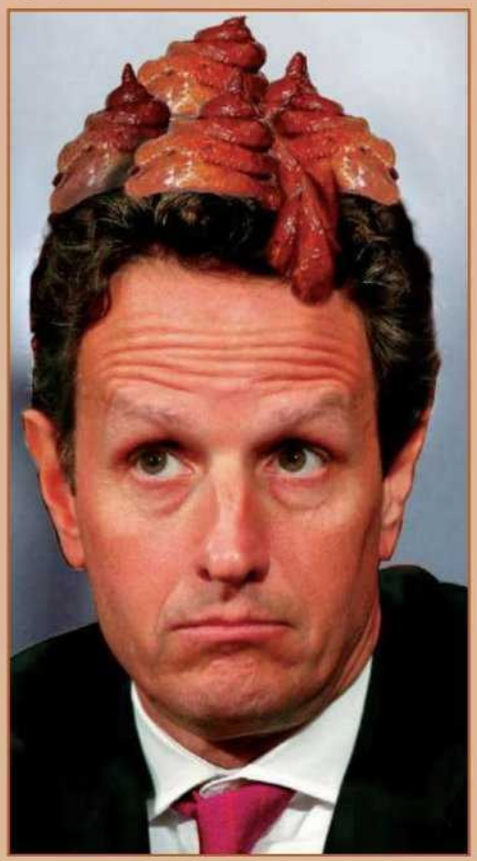
DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Neytiri, the blue alien chick from *Avatar*, actually exists—unless James Cameron says otherwise. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

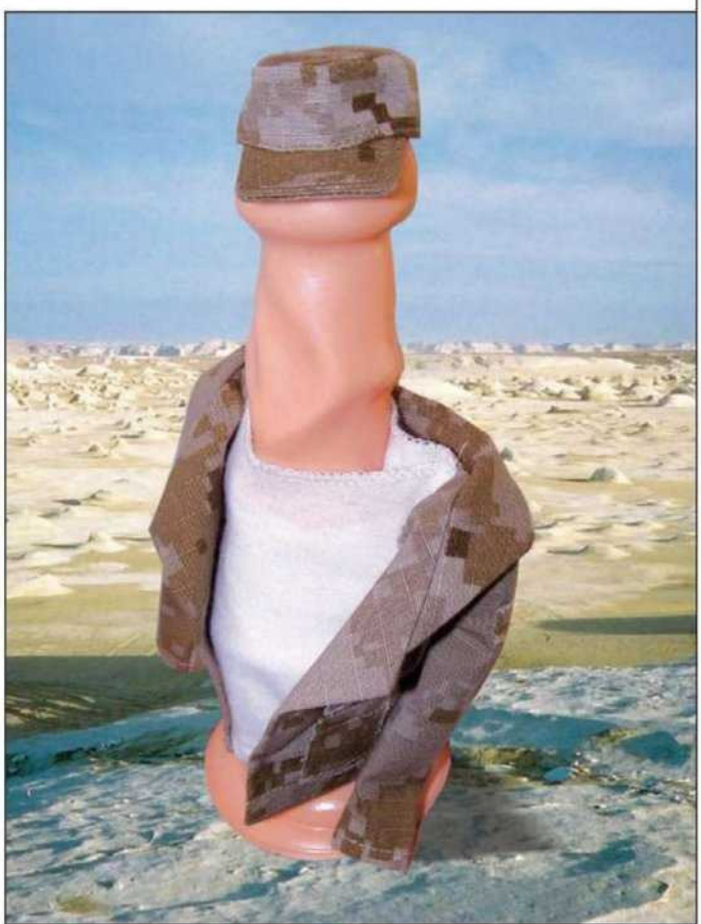
"Sex appeal is 50% what you've got and 50% what people think you've got."—SOPHIA LOREN, ACTRESS

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #5

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Here's U.S. Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner's most recent pronouncement about the economy: "The financial system is healing, but still damaged, and we have a lot of repair work still ahead." No shit. Then he launched a new lie: "If Congress joins the President in adopting a Financial Crisis Responsibility Fee, Americans will not have to pay one cent for TARP." The fee involved was Obama's bank-tax proposal. Even if a new bank tax miraculously gets passed, it would recoup only $90 billion over ten years. That's a breakeven? Then why is the TARP program's special inspector general saying the cost of the financial crisis could end up totaling $23.7 trillion, with the TARP bailout sum alone hitting $3 trillion? Geithner's either lying or can't do math. Every month we will continue to put another piece of shit on his head until he resigns or is fired.





Cock Couture

Looking for a way to dress up your penis? No? Well, that's bad news for the folks at Dapper Dicks, who have designed a comical clothing line for the male appendage that includes cowboy and military-man styles. If you change your mind, just head to **DapperDicks.com**.

NEWSBITES

Horny Goat

Some guys are such animals that they just can't wait to get to the strip club. As was the case in Coachella, California, when an overzealous patron tried to gain entry to a gentlemen's club before it opened for business. Boring story, you say? Does it help that the crasher was a 150-pound goat with horns? Surveillance video shows the critter had been staring at his reflection before finally using his hind legs to smash the glass doors open. We say goat or no goat, he's got to pay the cover charge just like everybody else.

Flag on the Play

A Brazilian soccer referee found himself in a heap of trouble at home after pulling a pair of red women's panties out of his pocket during a match instead of a red penalty card. The whistleblower was so embarrassed, he halted the action 20 minutes early. At press time his wife, who saw the event unfold live, had filed for divorce. The ref claimed to have no idea where the undies came from. Sorry, dude, Tiger tried the same thing, and that got him a golf club to the face.

Seal the Deal

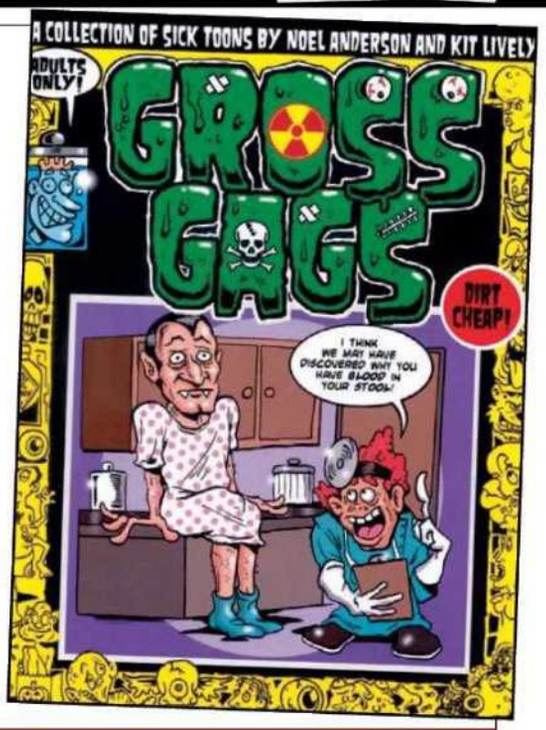
We all like head, but not this kind. A man from Colorado was arrested at Boston's Logan Airport when he tried to board a plane with unauthorized cargo in a carry-on bag. Was it drugs? Explosives? Nope, it was a severed seal's head. The smuggler claimed to be a biology professor who found a dead seal on a beach and cut off its head for "educational purposes." The sap now faces the possibility of 20 grand in fines and a year in prison. We have to ask, what can you learn from a dead seal's noggin? Man, some guys will fuck anything.

Shitty Accommodations

And you thought your home was full of crap. Ten factory workers in China have been evicted from their living quarters, which just happened to be a public rest room. The group said that they moved into the john when the cost of renting apartments exceeded their means. If you really think about it, living in a bathroom makes sense. After all, you spend most of your time in there jerking off.

GAG FACTOR

HUSTLER HUMOR contributors Kit Lively and Noel Anderson are sick and twisted cartoonists. And that's a good thing. Their latest book, *Gross Gags*, takes on everything from abortion to amputees and douching—all with hilarious results. Available at **GoofRoof.com**.


A COLLECTION OF SICK TOONS BY NOEL ANDERSON AND KIT LIVELY
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GROSS GAGS
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I THINK WE MAY HAVE DISCOVERED WHY YOU HAVE BLOOD IN YOUR STOOL!

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YA

Heroin: It's not just for rock stars and comedians. Well, at least it wasn't back in 1901, when the drug was sold as a cough remedy.

TIGER WOULD

Hot on the heels of the Tiger Woods sex scandal, *Golf Digest* released an issue featuring the golfer's "Ten Tips for Obama." Here's the list of advice we think Tiger should have given the President.

Golf Digest
10 TIPS OBAMA CAN TAKE FROM TIGER
+ HOW TO OUTSMART YOUR BUDDIES
POWER LOAD IT & LET IT GO!
RANKING AMERICA'S BEST NEW COURSES
PLAY PEBBLE
U.S. OPEN CHALLENGE

10: If you mess up on one hole, move on to the next one. And the next one.

9: Never tell a woman who you are. Say Bryant Gumbel.

8: Playing 18 holes is great, unless they—and your angry wife—find out about each other.

7: A pitching wedge can get you out of a sand trap. Claiming you're a sex addict can get you out of a divorce. Worked for David Duchovny.

6: The pro shop is a good place to get your balls polished. So is Las Vegas.

5: A funeral is a great place to pick up chicks.

4: Avoid white women. Trust me.

3: If your wife won't give up the back nine, try porn stars.

2: Boning a bevy of beauties: priceless. Loss of corporate sponsorships: fucking expensive.

1: Avoid white women. Really, you have to trust me on that.

"I'm a committed bachelor. One of my favorite oxymorons is 'engagement party.'"—SCOTT ROEBEN, WRITER

AWESOME ASS ASIANS

The geniuses at Booty Babe Art are at it again. The latest creation in their line of sexy full-figured statuettes is "Double 'D' Kokeshi." To get one, you'd better act quickly since the Japanese bombshell is a limited-edition figurine. Available at **BootyBabeArt.com**.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

That's how we want to go out. Bang! Fuckin'! Thanks to T.R. of Chicago for sharing this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

Nasty Natalia looking nice.

What a pair!

A herd of heinous hotties.

AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A PORN PARTY

The Cabana Club in Hollywood was the site of a blowout bash when erotic and mainstream actress Cleopatra of the Nile celebrated the launch of her reality series *House of Cleopatra*. Packing the soiree, which raged on until the wee small hours of the morning, were the Egyptian knockout's porn pals, including Sunny Lane, Rebecca Love, Tommy Gunn and Cousin Stevie.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"When a guy goes to a hooker, he's not paying her for sex; he's paying her to leave."—RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMIC

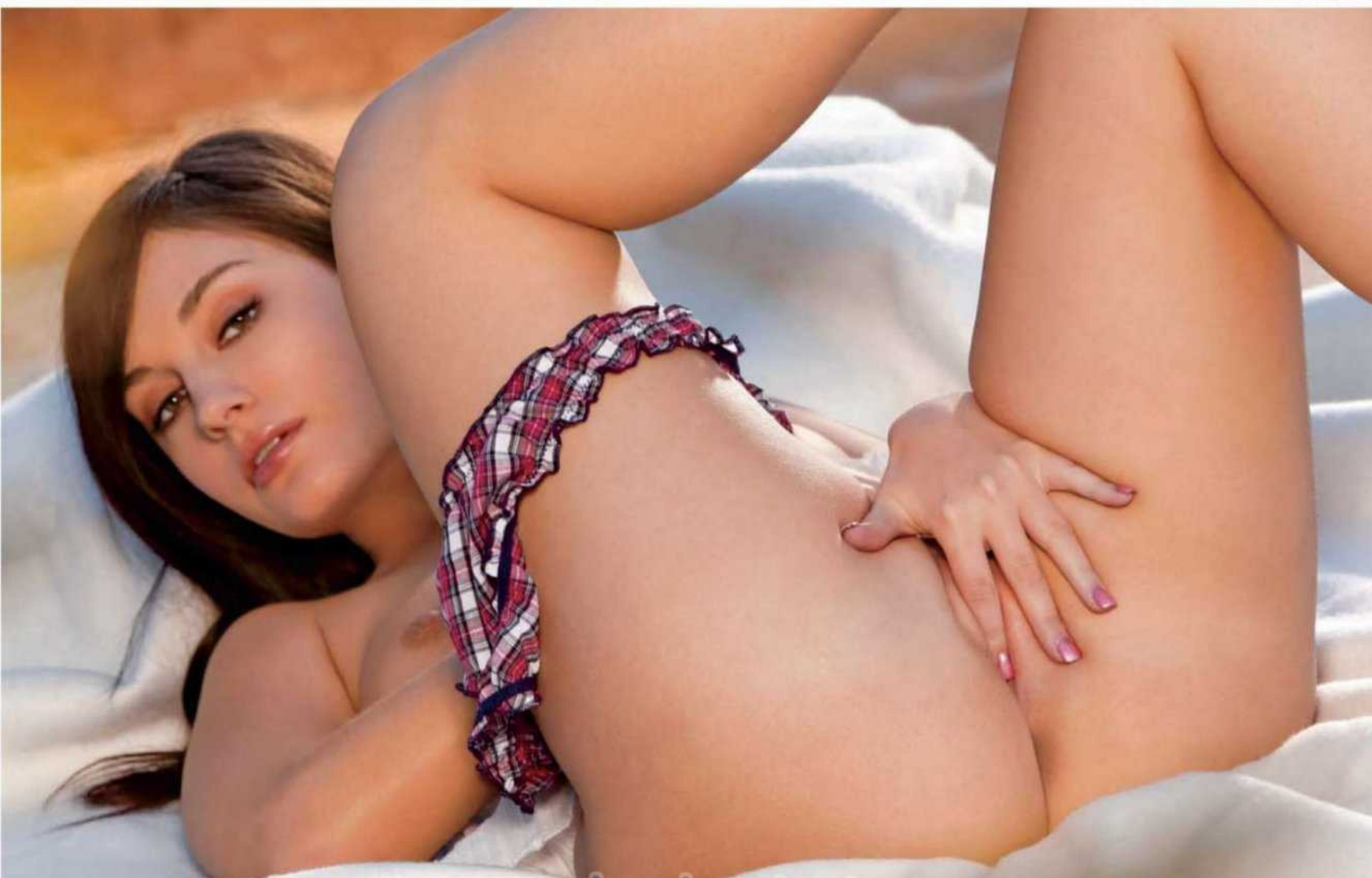
Innocence Lost

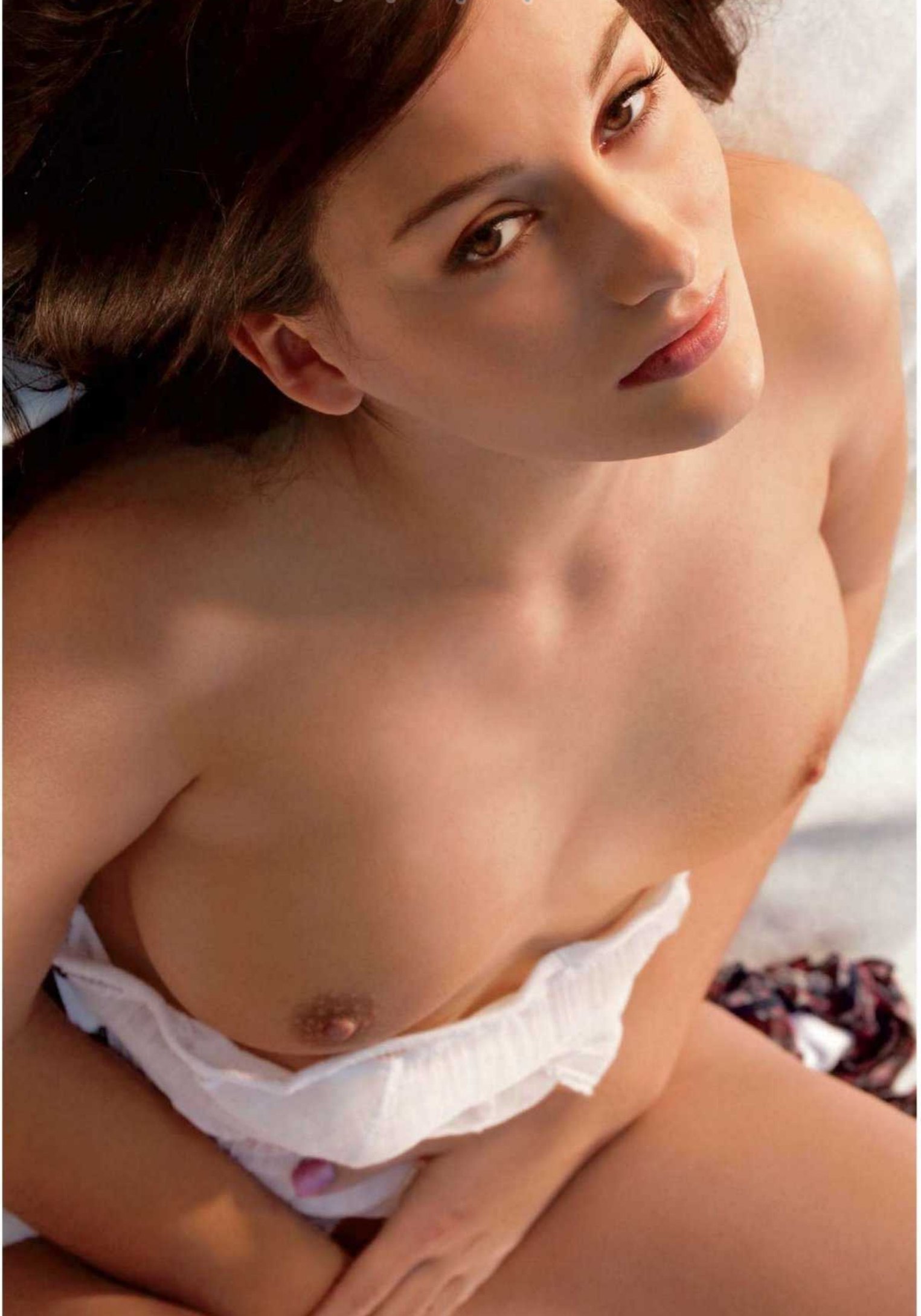
ALLY RYAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

At first glance, 18-year-old **Ally Ryan** may come across as innocent, but looks can be deceiving. "Guys always assume that I am pure and sweet because I look like the girl-next-door," the luscious Texan confides, "but that's not me. It can get really frustrating!"

Ally adds, "I was the cute girl in high school who never got asked out. Guys thought that I wouldn't be much fun because I seemed *too* innocent. I ended up masturbating so much that I nearly wore my clit out. When I finally got a guy to sleep with me, he was blown away by how aggressive I was. I think it scared him off, because he never called again."





That may explain Ally's choice of bedmates. "I have a thing for older guys," she admits. "I know some people will say it's a daddy thing, but it's not. I just prefer an experienced man over a clumsy and nervous boy.

"Mature men know how to handle me and get me off. There's nothing worse than some goofy boy fumbling around down there, not knowing what to do and then coming after a few seconds. I don't have time to teach, but I sure do love to learn."

Tell us more, sweetheart! "My third boyfriend taught me how to give head the right way," **Ally** continues. "I spent hours going at it until I developed my own style and technique. Now I'm an expert—and I love it! Seriously, the way a guy's cock twitches just before it explodes in my mouth is hot!" We told you looks can be deceiving.

ALLY RYAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Flower Mound, Texas | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 101

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DIALED IN FOR DIRTY TALK

I am so hard right now, thinking about you. My dick is big and stiff in my fist, and I'm jacking it slowly, imagining your lips tugging on my nut sac. Oh, yeah, that's it. You give the best head, baby. I love it when you start with my balls, licking, nipping, slapping them with your tongue before sucking on each one and then both. Fuck! I can't wait to push my thick cock back to your throat. But you make me wait. You control everything."

His voice was deep and smooth and so damn sexy. I had no idea who the fuck he was. I had been driving home, after sharing a delicious pitcher of margaritas with a girlfriend, when the phone rang. A little buzzed, I was concentrating on keeping the car between the white lines and grabbed for the cell without checking caller ID. I just figured it was my husband, wondering where the hell I was and when I was going to get home to make him and the kids dinner. Instead, I ended up with some wonderfully obscene phone sex. I pulled over to the side of the road and parked.

My new friend was still describing that teabagging blowjob. "Finally, you let my nuts drop from your lips, and you blow hot air over the wet skin. Slowly your tongue spirals up my shaft to my prick cap. You nibble on my crown and trace a line under the ridge. Then your tongue dicks into my piss slit. Fuck, I can't stand it, baby! I press down on your head to try and force you lower, but you slap my hand away and make me wait for a full minute more before, finally, you suck my dick head into your mouth."

Wow, he was pretty good at this! I turned off the engine and unfastened my seat belt. It was dark out already, and this side street wasn't busy. So there was nothing to stop me from pulling my skirt to my waist and slipping down my panties. I stayed very quiet, other than a little heavy breathing. I didn't want my lover to discover that he'd dialed the wrong number.

"Inch by inch, the tight circle of your lips pushes down my prick until I can feel my crown in your throat. You've taken my whole damn cock, and now your mouth is sealed around my base, and your drool is trickling over my balls. Like always, you set the pace. Your fingernails gouge into my thighs and warn me to keep still."

With the driver's seat all the way back, I was drawing circles around my own clit and working up to a full-on frigging. When my fingertips finally made contact with my swollen trigger, I whimpered.

"Your head starts bobbing, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till I'm literally fucking your clutching throat. I reach for your titties and pinch and twist those beautiful long, hard nipples."

I rolled my own tit buds between fingers and thumbs.

"I am seconds away from coming when you pull back. Damn! I want to spray your tonsils, but you have other plans. You straddle my hips, spread your labes and, in one intense lunge, sink all the way down till my throbber is buried to the nuts in your quim."

By the end of his sentence, I had three fingers jamming deep into my fuck box, and I was pretending they were my new lover's big, thick cock. It had been two weeks since I'd gotten laid, a week since I'd even masturbated, and I was so hot, so ready, I came within a minute. My juices squirted out of my twat, and my whole body vibrated in climax. I felt marvelous.

The deep voice continued, this time almost panting: "Your cunt muscles squeeze and release my prod, over and over. I need to come, and I need you to come with me. I jam a finger into your rosebud, and we both explode! I see brilliant colors—feel intense release."

I heard the *slap*, *slap*, *slap* of his fist on his cock, followed by considerable moaning.

"That was awesome," the caller finally sighed. "Thank you, baby."

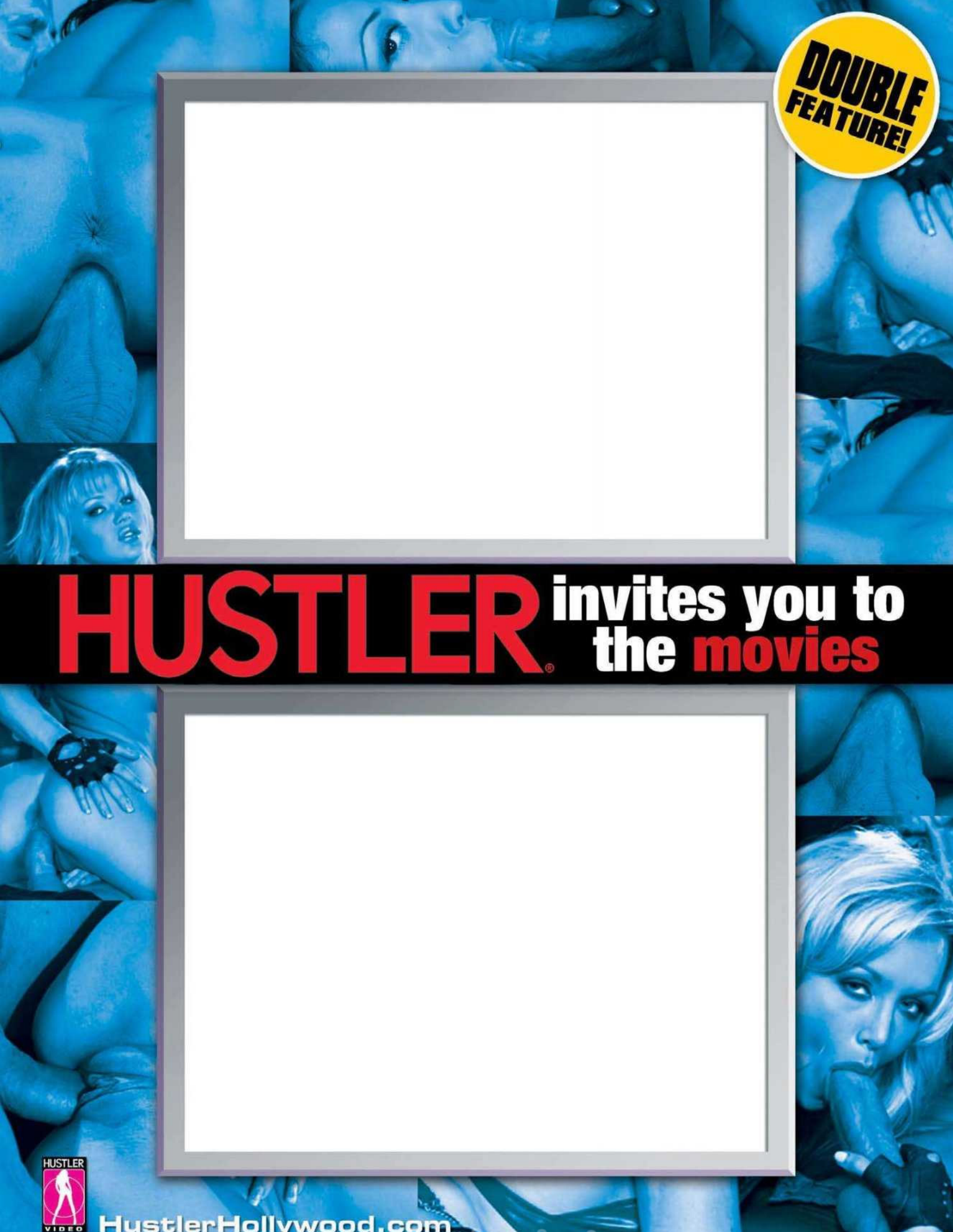
"You're welcome, lover," I told him.

"Wha—what the—who is this?" he gasped and immediately hung up.

Wow! Before I even pulled up my panties, I checked my cell menu for the guy's phone number and memorized those digits. I'm now about to try a little obscene phone-calling of my own.

—K.J.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.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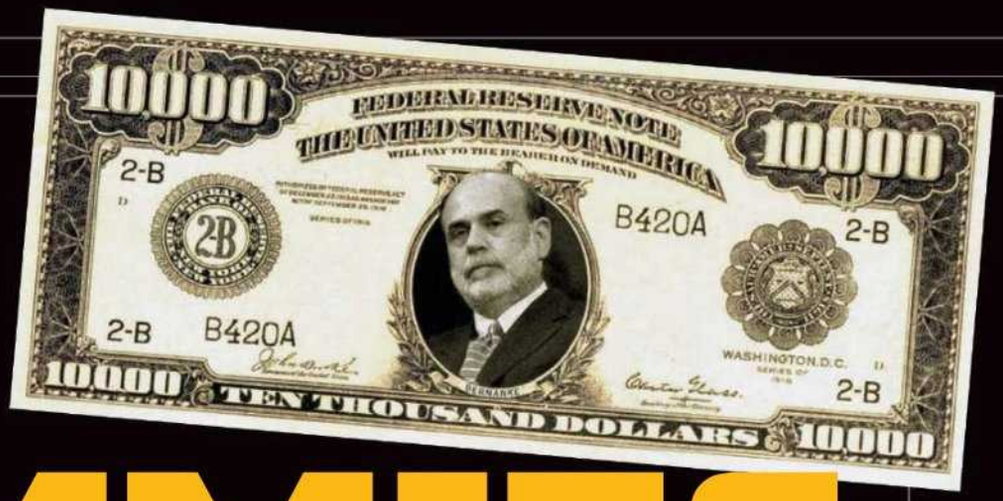


The Federal Reserve for DUMMIES

IT'S A PYRAMID SCHEME THAT COULD DESTROY AMERICA

"I guess I should warn you, if I turn out to be particularly clear, you've probably misunderstood what I've said."
—Former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan in a speech to the Economic Club of New York, 1988

IF YOU'VE NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD THE FEDERAL RESERVE but were too embarrassed to ask, don't worry. Hardly anybody understands it, and the Federal Reserve (or "Fed") likes it that way. "Fedspeak" is a term coined to describe its incomprehensible utterances. Why is the Fed so obscure? To conceal the fact that America's banking system is largely sleight of hand. If you could see what was really going on, you might be reluctant to play the game.

The Federal Reserve is not actually "federal," and today it keeps nothing in "reserve" except government bonds, which are basically IOUs from our Treasury. The Fed's Web site says it is a "public-private hybrid," but not one share of its stock is owned by the public. Each of the 12 Federal Reserve branches is owned by its member banks, which get a guaranteed annual 6% dividend on their stock. The Fed is authorized under the Federal Reserve Act to print and lend its own Federal Reserve Notes (dollar bills) to the government in return for government bonds. Federal Reserve Notes are backed by nothing but "the full faith and credit of the United States."

And that is where the sleight of hand comes in: The Fed is printing our money and lending it back to us. Acting as our government's bank, the Federal Reserve gives us cash in exchange for government bonds. That means our money is backed by nothing but our own national debt!

A private bank deceptively called "the Federal Reserve" has been awarded the ultimate franchise: the ability to create our crucial medium of exchange, the oil that turns the wheels of production and allows goods to flow in trade. The ability to create also means the ability to restrict and control.

Congressman Charles Lindbergh Sr. (father of famed aviator Charles Lindbergh Jr.) opposed passage of the Federal Reserve Act in 1913. He warned Congress: "[The Federal Reserve Board] can cause the pendulum of a rising and falling market to swing gently back and forth by slight changes in the discount rate, or cause violent fluctuations by greater rate variation, and in either case it will possess inside information as to financial conditions and advance knowledge of the coming change, either up or down. This is the strangest, most dangerous advantage ever placed in the hands of a special privilege class by any Government that ever existed. … The financial system has been turned over to…a purely profiteering group. The system is private, conducted for the sole purpose of obtaining the greatest possible profits from the use of other people's money."

Except for coins, which make up only about one ten-thousandth of the money supply, the entire U.S. money supply is now created as a debt to the private Federal Reserve and the private banks it backstops. The Fed, our government's banker, plays the same game private retail banks play with us. The banks create money out of thin air, then say we owe it back to them with interest.

Modern banking is basically a shell game, in which "debt" is called "money." The money is then moved from shell to shell. The Federal Reserve was instituted in 1913 to keep the shell game going by moving the elusive peas to whichever shells needed them at any one time.

The shell game dates back to the 17th century, when goldsmiths started giving out paper receipts for the gold entrusted to them for safekeeping. Other customers wanted to borrow gold, but most customers preferred the paper receipts to the gold itself because they were easier and safer to carry around. The goldsmiths soon discovered that only about 10% of the customers would demand actual gold at any one time. That meant the goldsmiths-turned-bankers could safely lend up to ten times as many paper notes as they had gold.

Although nine of the ten notes were actually counterfeit, this dubious practice was sanctioned as "fractional reserve lending" and became the means by which money has been created by banks ever since.

The system was formalized in 1694, when a privately owned banking corporation called the Bank of England was allowed to lend its banknotes to the Crown. The bank was chartered by King William III, who never had to pay these loans off. He just paid the interest on them. Whenever he needed more money, the bank printed more cash, and the game continued. (This is how ballooning deficits are still created.) King William III and his successors got a ready source of money and a national money supply out of the deal, but it was at the cost of inextricable debt to a private banking cartel, which gained the power to manipulate and control the money supply for its own purposes.

Why would the king give the bankers so much power? Because they were the ones who made him king in the first place!

Meanwhile, back in the American colonies, a competing paper money system was devised, in which paper notes called "scrip" were issued by local governments. These notes, too, were basically receipts. But rather than representing private gold, they were receipts for the labor of soldiers and civil servants and for goods delivered to the government. The receipts traded in the community as money.

The most efficient of these systems was in Benjamin Franklin's colony of Pennsylvania. The provincial government owned a bank, which made loans to farmers at 5% interest. The government also spent some money directly into the economy. This money came back to the government as principal and interest and was recycled into more loans. During the quarter-century that this system was in place, the citizens paid no taxes (because the revenue that came back to the government loan office provided adequate funds), they had no government debt, and price inflation did not occur. If more money supply was needed to keep servicing the debt, the bank printed it.

But there were 13 different systems in the 13 colonies, and some of these paper currencies were inflated from overprinting. When British merchants complained that they were getting paid in money that wasn't holding its value, the king issued an edict stating that the colonists could no longer issue their own money. They had to pay their taxes in the king's money—gold, or Bank of England notes backed by gold. Since the colonists did not have this form of money, they had to borrow it from the British bankers, putting them heavily in debt. The farmers started losing their farms, the economy sank into a severe depression, and the colonists finally rebelled and set up their own nation.

But their paper scrip was so heavily counterfeited during the Revolutionary War that it lost its value, and the Founding Fathers became disillusioned with it. Rather than blaming the British, who had done the counterfeiting, they blamed paper money itself. They could not agree whether to give the new government the power to issue its own paper money, so they just left that key feature out of the Constitution.

For the next century, bankers largely funded from abroad tried to impose on the country a private central bank modeled on the Bank of England. It would have the power to issue its own banknotes and lend them to the government at interest. But astute politicians kept seeing through the ruse.

Thomas Jefferson, campaigning against Alexander Hamilton's privately owned First U.S. Bank, helped keep its charter from being renewed. President Jackson railed against the Second U.S. Bank and blocked renewal of the charter. President Lincoln defied the bankers who wanted 24% to 36% interest on loans to fund the Civil War and reverted to the government-created paper money of the American colonists, which allowed him to win the war. During the second half of the 19th century, Greenbackers, Populists and other money reformers fought vigorously for the people's control over the money supply.

William Jennings Bryan, the Populist candidate for President in 1896 and 1900, said in his famous "cross of gold" speech: "We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin money and issue money is a function

REWARDING FAILURE

Just a year after sucking in over $700 billion in taxpayer-funded bailouts, the Wall Street banks have again posted record profits and paid out huge bonuses.

Defending the latest free-for-all, banks say that they have paid back most of the money from the Troubled Assets Relief Program with interest. But the TARP bailout sum of $700 billion represents only a small fraction of the trillions of dollars in federal funds made available to rescue the U.S. financial system. According to TARP's own special inspector general, estimates of how much the total aid package will cost reach as high as $23.7 trillion.

After the 2008 bailouts, Wall Street's biggest banks doled out bonuses that far exceeded their profits. These bonuses are enshrined in contracts, so it doesn't matter whether the banks are making money or losing it; the bankers still get rewarded. This blatant profiteering is sanctioned by bank boards, which are run by the same executives who enrich themselves with bonus income.

Wall Street firms currently account for 35% of all U.S. corporate profits, and investment bankers typically pull in bonuses worth up to ten times their six-figure base salaries. The 38 largest Wall Street financial institutions paid out over $145 billion in employee compensation for 2009. That's 18% more than for 2008. By comparison, average personal earnings for the nation as a whole rose only 2.2%.

A glaring example of Wall Street greed is Goldman Sachs. The investment bank raked in $45.2 billion in revenue for 2009, made a profit of $13 billion and paid out $16.19 billion to employees. That included stock bonuses worth $45 million for its top executives, with CEO Lloyd Blankfein pocketing $9 million.

Insurance and investment giant AIG, which got slammed for its huge 2008 bonuses, paid out bonuses totaling $100 million for 2009. AIG received a $180-billion rescue package in late 2008 and still hasn't paid it all back.

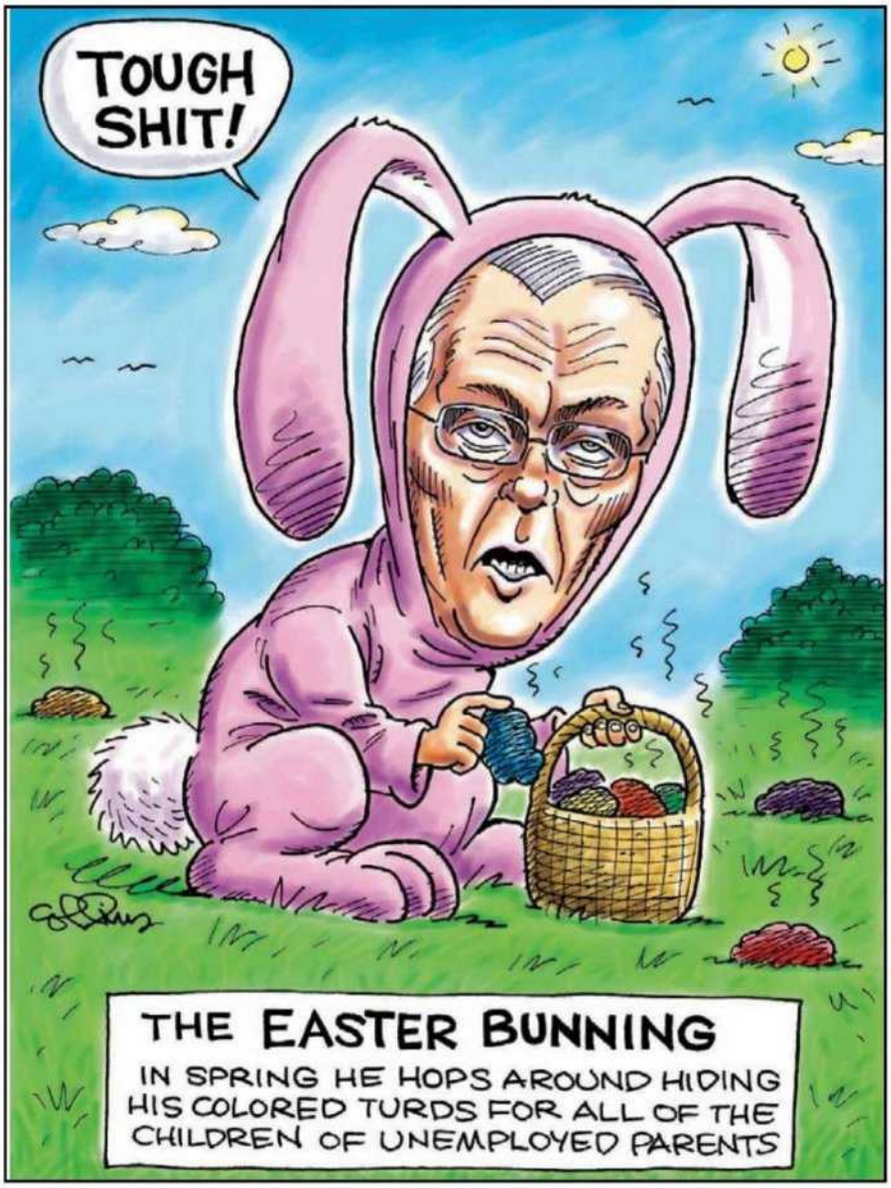
JPMorgan Chase reported profits of $11.7 billion for 2009 and paid out $26.9 billion, a major chunk of it in the form of bonuses.

Bank of America raked in $119.6 billion in 2009, paid out $31.5 billion to employees and awarded its investment bankers $4.4 billion in bonuses. BofA also boosted the base salaries of its top executives.

Despite their profits and bonus payouts, Wall Street banks are still drawing on the trillions of dollars made available to them by the U.S. government. Worse still, economists are projecting fresh foreclosure waves to hit Wall Street, giving the banks more excuses to line their pockets with taxpayer dollars.

The same banks profiting from taxpayer dollars are also making sure no one clamps down on their con game. Wall Street's biggest banks are increasing political contributions and boosting budgets and manpower in their Capitol Hill lobbying corps to block any meaningful banking regulation.

—Mark Johnson


TOUGH SHIT!
THE EASTER BUNNING
IN SPRING HE HOPS AROUND HIDING HIS COLORED TURDS FOR ALL OF THE CHILDREN OF UNEMPLOYED PARENTS

GUESS WHAT?! PRESIDENT OBAMA HAD MICHAEL JACKSON KILLED BECAUSE THEY USED TO MOLEST CHILDREN TOGETHER AND HE WAS AFRAID IT WOULD GET OUT!
GEE, I WONDER WHAT "FAIR AND BALANCED" NEWS NETWORK YOU HEARD THAT ON?

of government. … Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank and that the government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson…and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of the government and that the banks should go out of the governing business."

Bryan lost his bid for the Presidency, but he continued to campaign in Congress for government-issued money. In 1907 a particularly bad bank panic convinced a gullible public that the country needed a central bank to stop future panics. Bank runs had occurred regularly during the 19th century, when people—realizing that there was not enough gold to back their notes—all rushed to claim their gold at the same time. Robert Owens, a coauthor of the Federal Reserve Act, later testified before Congress that the banking industry had conspired to create a series of financial panics in order to create a popular demand for "reforms" that served the interests of the financiers.

The bankers' bill for a central bank had to overcome stiff opposition in Congress, led by William Jennings Bryan. He said he would not support any bill that resulted in private money issued by private banks. He insisted that Federal Reserve Notes must be Treasury currency, issued and guaranteed by the government. To get their bill passed, the Wall Street faction changed its name from the Aldrich Bill to the Federal Reserve Act and brought it three days before Christmas, when Congress was preoccupied with departure for the holidays.

In a spirit of apparent compromise, the legislators made a show of acquiescing to Bryan's demands. The bill was so obscurely worded that no one really understood its provisions. Bryan bought it, saying happily, "The right of the government to issue money is not surrendered to the banks; the control over the money so issued is not relinquished by the government."

That was what Bryan thought, but while the national money supply would be printed by the U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing, it would be issued as an obligation or debt of the government, a debt owed back to the private Federal Reserve with interest. And while Congress and the President would have some input in appointing the Federal Reserve Board, the board would work behind closed doors with the regional bankers, without Congressional oversight or control.

The Wall Street faction succeeded the same year in passing the 16th Amendment, authorizing a federal income tax. The tax was to be paid directly to the Federal Reserve to cover the massive interest bill that would soon be incurred by the government for borrowing its own money, in the form of credit, from the privately owned Fed.

All in all, it was a huge coup for the bankers and their colleagues in Europe. In 1934, amid the throes of the Great Depression, *(continued on page 89)*

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DARK & DEVIANT

THE FANTASY WORLD OF DORIAN CLEAVENGER

PITTSBURGH-BASED ARTIST DORIAN CLEAVENGER started his creative life as a freelance commercial illustrator for large corporations, including Disney and U.S. Steel. Those jobs paid the bills, but the stuffy corporate environment couldn't have been less conducive to Dorian's inner vision. He longed to bring the sexually charged images in his head to life.

Cleavenger first introduced his now-renowned "pseudo-realism" style to the world via comic books. Sadly, he found that enterprise too restrictive as well, requiring him to render characters created by others. Thankfully, publishers and collectors took note of his talents, commissioning original works directly from the artist.

What makes Cleavenger's approach unique is its unpredictable blending of fantasy and sexuality with a dark, dangerous sensibility. He blurs the line between pleasure and pain with consistently awe-inspiring results. Several volumes of his art have been published around the world, including best-selling collections in Germany, South Africa, China, Russia, Belgium and here in the United States.

In addition, the Japanese company Yamato produced a series of collectable figures based on the women in his paintings. At the personal request of George Lucas, Cleavenger recently created two new paintings for an upcoming book on the art of *Star Wars*.

Cleavenger offered a rare behind-the-scenes peek at his artistic process in his self-produced DVD *The Art of Paint*. This documentary-style film reveals his specialized techniques and explains his affinity for acrylic paints due to their quick drying time.

Always seeking new venues and experiences, the artist now shares his skills by teaching at the prestigious Douglas Education Center near his home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His highly popular, personally engineered course in fantasy art combines hands-on experience with one-on-one tutoring. It's one of the best-attended courses in the school's history.

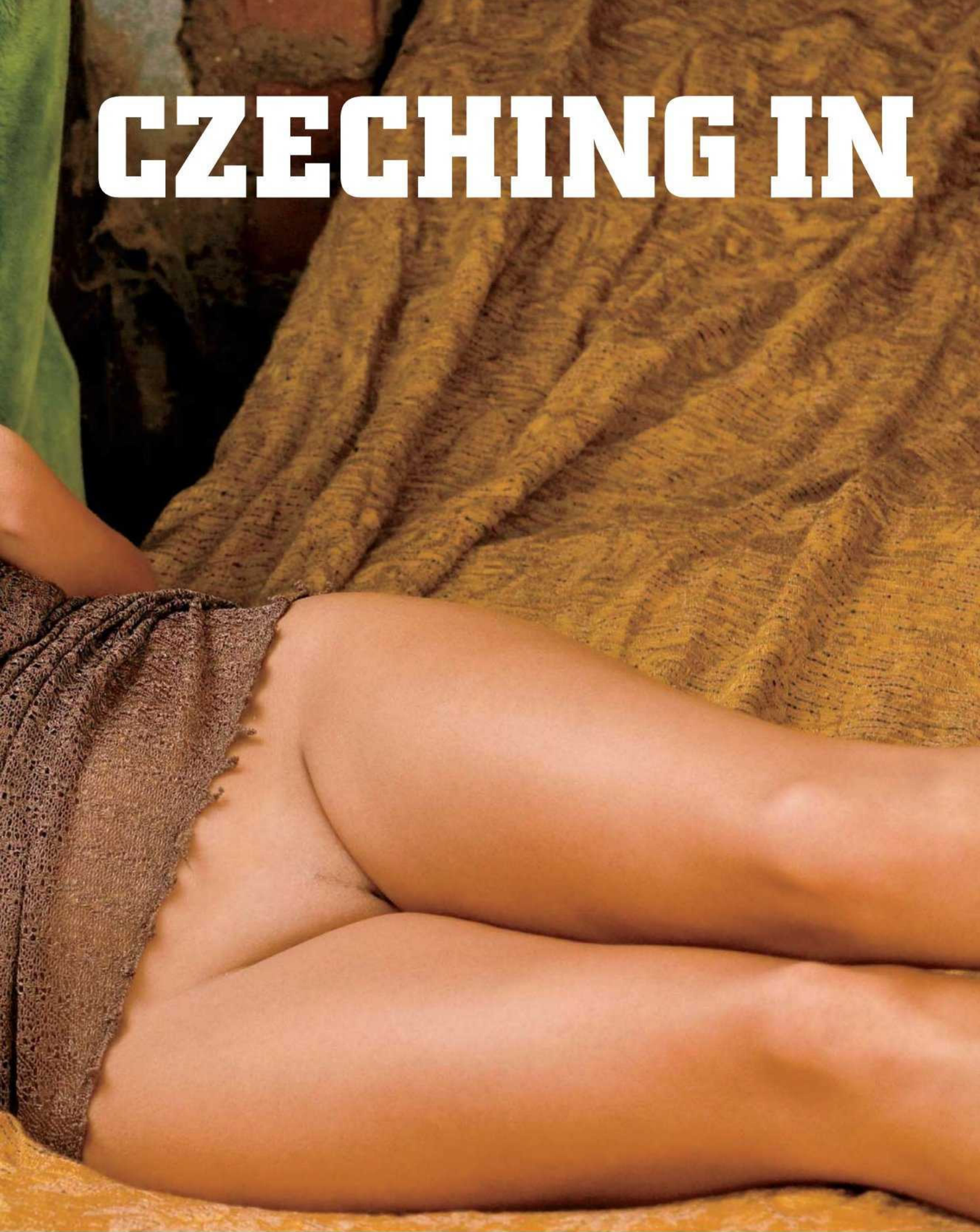
In addition to teaching elements of the style for which he's celebrated, Cleavenger recently expanded his own horizons by producing a series of short animated stories based on his characters (complete with his originally composed background music) for broadcast on YouTube.

To see more of Dorian Cleavenger's stunning work visit **DorianArt.com**.

magazinesdownload.com

IRIS SPURIA

CZECHING IN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

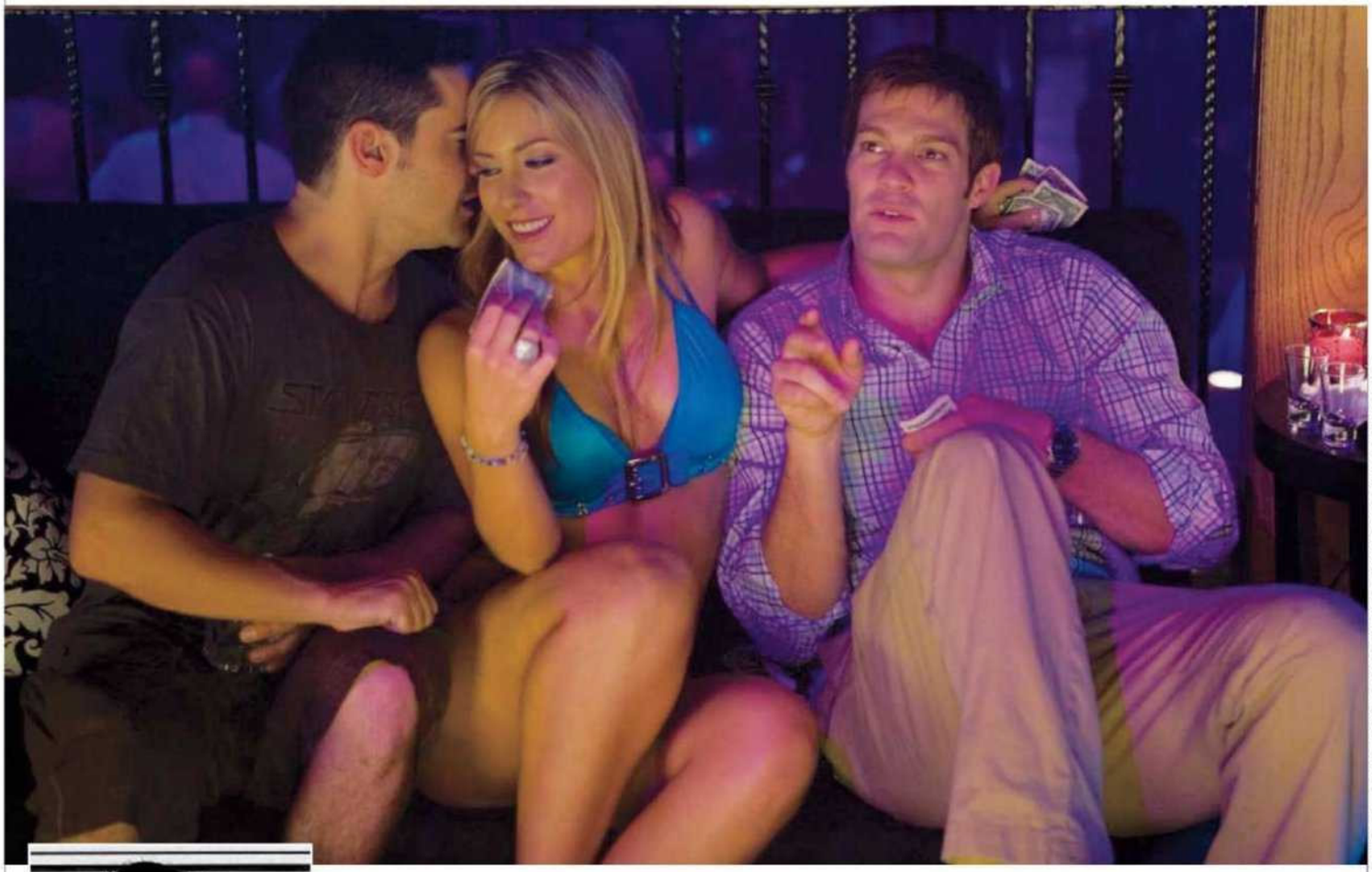
I'm sad today," sighs eye-catching **Iris Spuria**. "My boyfriend of the last two years just broke up with me over the phone. Actually, it was a text message! Can you believe it? To make matters worse, my favorite vibrator is broken! Plus it's raining in Los Angeles. I was told it never rains here, but since I flew in, it's rained a lot. So I'm sad."

What would cheer up the Czech cutie? “Sex always brightens my day,” **Iris** reveals, “but right now I’m alone. I like to masturbate, but I prefer being with someone else. Maybe I’ll call up one of my sexy girlfriends for some fun.”

It seems mouthwatering Ms. **Spuria** is bi. "You have to be," she insists. "I mean, if it's an option, why not? No one likes to eat just turkey sandwiches all the time. That's why I like boys *and* girls. Girls really know how to lick, while men come equipped with a dick. It's the best of both worlds. Today I'll settle for a good lick. Maybe that will cheer me up."

IRIS SPURIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prerov, Czech Republic | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-3

TUCKER MAX TELLS YOU HOW



PHOTOS COURTESY 20TH CENTURY FOX HOME ENTERTAINMENT

10 TIPS FROM THE WEB'S PREMIER PARTY GURU

Tucker Max makes no secret of being an asshole. In fact it's the first thing he tells you about himself at the top of his madly popular blog, **TuckerMax.com**. And there's plenty of evidence to support his contention. He's been sued for invasion of privacy by one of his ex-girlfriends, a former Miss Vermont, and for libel by a Philadelphia event planner whose New Year's Eve party he skewered online. He's been scolded by a judge as "a poster child for vulgarity" and picketed during an appearance at Ohio State University by feminists accusing him of "promoting a culture of rape."

He's also a University of Chicago graduate with a degree in law from Duke and the author of a book detailing his misadventures, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, that made the *New York Times* best-seller list for nearly four years (the paper's reviewer characterized him as "highly entertaining and throughly reprehensible"). A movie version hit screens in 2009 and is now available on DVD. His follow-up title, *Assholes Finish First*, is due out in the fall. In the meantime, he continues to regale readers online with accounts of his boisterous misbehavior.

TO SCORE

"I get excessively drunk at inappropriate times, disregard social norms, indulge every whim, ignore the consequences of my actions, mock idiots and poseurs, sleep with more women than is safe or reasonable, and just generally act like a raging dickhead.

"But, I do contribute to humanity in one very important way. I share my adventures with the world."

What can such a reprobate have to offer in the way of relationship advice? Plenty, including the following ten dating tips that, while not guaranteeing you'll end up as successful an asshole as the author, at least allow you to benefit from the wisdom acquired while becoming the one he is today.

Are you looking to get laid? Do you want a girlfriend? A casual fuck buddy? The answers to these questions should determine your course of action.

#1: Know who you are and what you want. Everything flows from self-awareness.

The first thing you have to figure out when doing anything at all, dating included, is your goals and objectives. Seems obvious, right? Except most guys that come to me for dating advice get this part wrong.

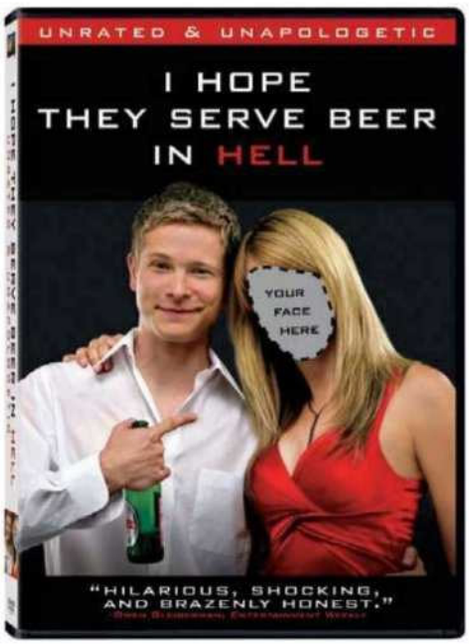
Are you just looking to get laid? Do you want a girlfriend? A casual fuck buddy? The answers to these questions should determine your course of action. If you're just looking for someone to have sex with and that's all, then your approach should be fundamentally different than if you're looking for a wife.

Understand your motives and objectives. Every decision is shaped by them. And of course, from this point follows the next:

#2: Go for girls who want the same thing you do.

This is another obvious imperative that many guys get wrong. If you're 18 years old, exploring your identity and want to experience as many different women as you can, that's perfectly reasonable. But then don't be that idiot who keeps trying to have one-night stands with girls in search of a boyfriend.

Here's the great thing about America: No matter what it is you want, there are plenty of people who want the same thing. If you just want to get drunk and have wild, emotionless sexual encounters, there are plenty of girls



who are into that. If you want casual fuck buddies, or a series of monogamous relationships, you can find these things easily. Hell, if you want to dress up like a clown and shit on someone's chest, there are more than a few people into that too.

The point is simple but very important: Figure out what you want, then go for it. If you adhere to those two basic requirements, everything else is pretty much just execution.

#3: Don't lie.

I was 24 when I learned the most important lesson there is: Don't lie to women. Of course, there are myriad ethical and moral issues with lying, and those are certainly valid, but my advice is more pragmatic. Nothing good comes from lying. You aren't going to get more pussy, and you create a ton more problems for yourself. In fact, the day I started being honest, I realized I could put in half the work and get twice the pussy. It was amazing.

There are a lot of guys who think dating and relationships necessitate some form of deception, especially if your goals are mainly physical interactions (e.g., sex). Well, my entire existence is proof of how flawed that view is. Women want to fuck just as much as men do, they just don't want to be lied to. And they want to feel safe about what's happening. If you're completely honest about who you are and what you want—whatever that is—you create an atmosphere in which women will trust you. I cannot tell you how many women have said this sentence to me: "You may be an asshole, but you're honest about it. I know what I'm getting."

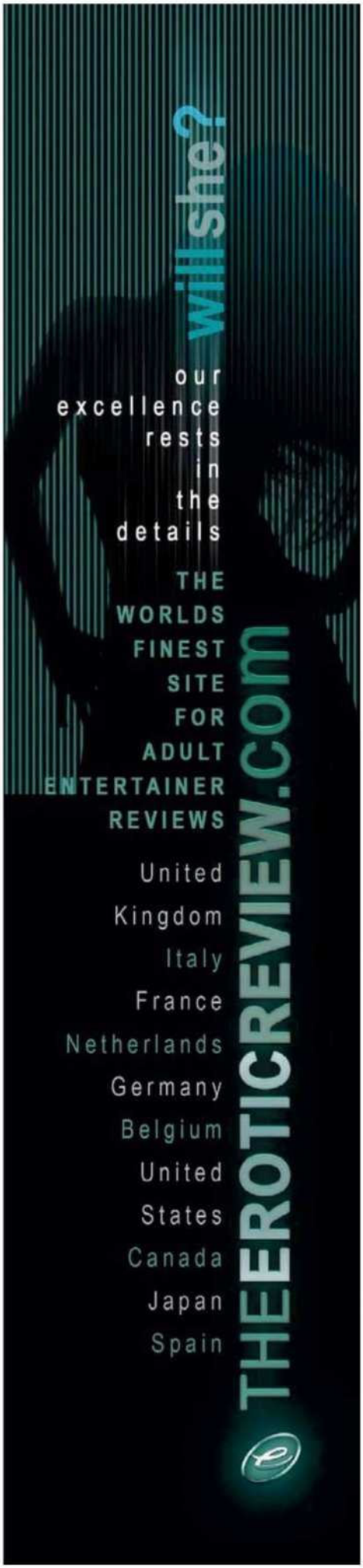
It's easier to be honest. Lying doesn't work.

#4: Make an attempt.

It always makes me laugh when I go out to a bar and see guys just standing around, talking to each other, staring at girls. If you're just going to drink beer and talk to your buddies, you might as well stay home—the beer is cheaper there.

Sounds like a cliché, but you can't win the game unless you actually get on the field and play. Neither sex nor relationships are going to seek you out; you have to make them happen. But like so much of life, the failure is in the execution.

Many guys follow this info up with some bullshit question like, "Yeah, but what exact-



ly do I say to a girl?" Ugh! That's like asking me directions to your local grocery store. How the fuck am I supposed to know all the specifics of your situation? There is no magic opening or amazing line that works in all circumstances. There are no shortcuts to success in any field. The key is just being able to socialize like a normal person. If you need instructions on that, the best way to learn is practice. If you want to become good at socializing, go socialize.

#5: Stop being afraid, especially of rejection.

You wouldn't believe how many dudes send me these long e-mails that essentially boil down to them wanting something but not wanting to actually go for it because they're afraid of rejection. Sorry, asshole, doesn't work that way. Life is risk.

I've had girls reject me, and I've rejected girls. This is a fact: EVERYONE will face some sort of rejection in their lives. It's not a big deal. If you are too afraid of rejection to make a move, then you aren't going to get anything done.

And of course, this begs the question: How do you stop being afraid?

#6: Don't judge yourself based on casual interactions.

Rejection only bothers you if you have a lot invested in the outcome. But why would you have a lot invested in casual socializing? Going out and meeting new people should not require a major exposure of your inner soul. Being in a relationship with someone, yes, but just socializing—who cares? If you meet people who don't like you or you don't like, it shouldn't be a big deal either way.

The problem is that many people judge themselves based on what others think of them. They live and die by every interaction. If this is your mindset, you will not dare to risk rejection. But if you stop investing in such minor things you free yourself up to do more.

#7: Stop focusing on results; enjoy the process.

Dating, like life, is the journey, not the destination. That journey is about finding out who you are and having some fun in the process. If you think it's about how many women you fuck or anything like that, you are wrong and sad.

The process itself is what you should be enjoying. Avoid focusing on some sort of desired outcome. Some of the best nights I've ever had were when I didn't get laid. I just had fun with my friends, and that's the whole point. So much of my game comes from the fact that I don't give a fuck if the girl likes me or not. In most ways, it's inconsequential to me. I am just out to have fun, crack jokes, entertain myself and my friends. Everything else flows from that. If you don't care about the result, you can be relaxed and fun and the type of person other people like to be around.

#8: Make yourself the type of person someone would want to date.

This is something that A LOT of people get wrong. How many times have you seen a girl's list of things she wants in a boyfriend that runs more than three pages long and basically describes the most perfect person on earth, yet she is overweight, selfish, petulant and boring?

You ever notice how most couples are about the same level of looks (and usually intelligence too)? This is not a coincidence. Humans are very good at figuring out their market value and then finding someone similiar with whom to pair up. The good part about being a guy is that looks are way down the list of things that matter to women. Most of the things that do matter—personality, humor, success, temperament—can be improved with work. So get to it.

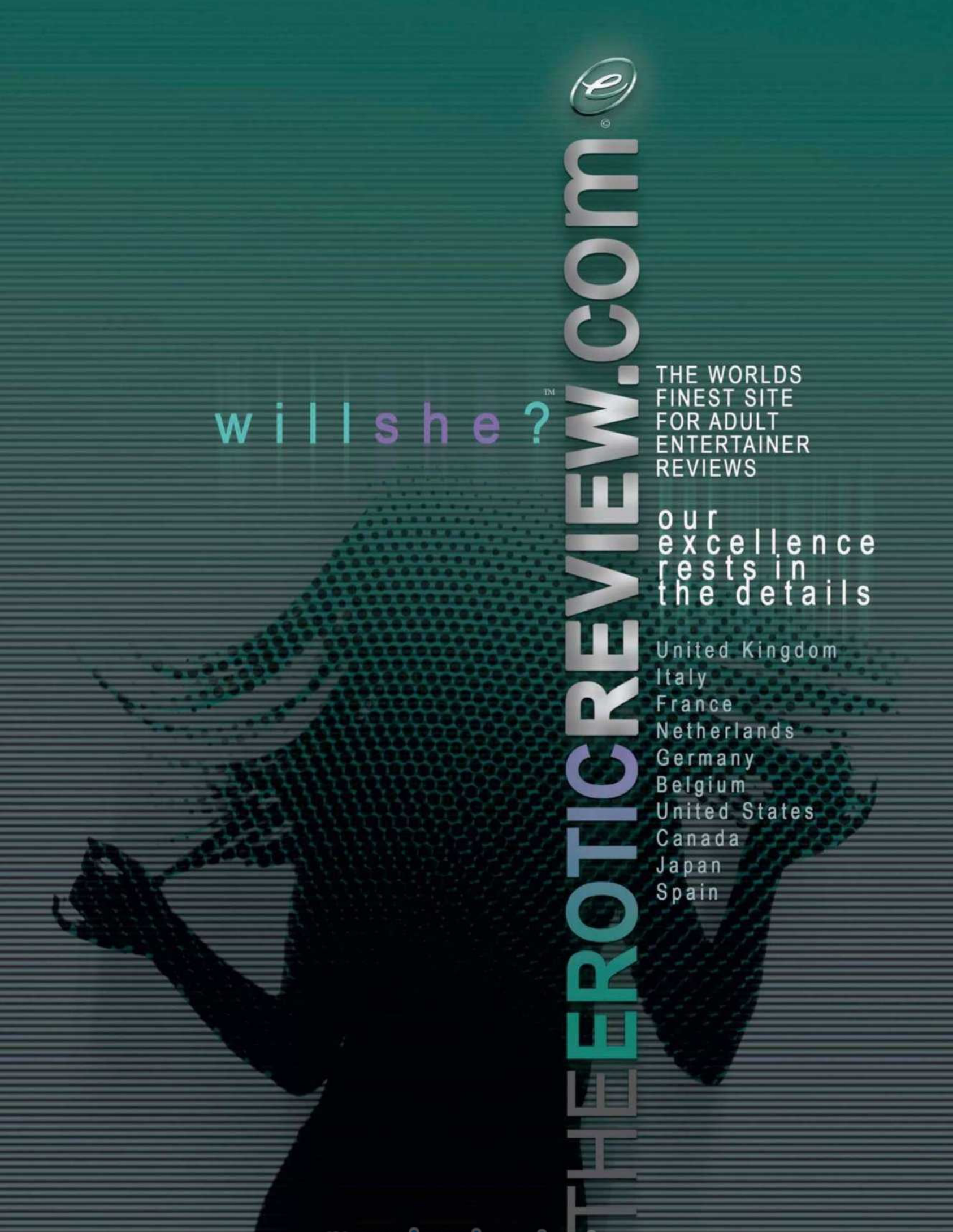
#9: Try everything and everyone at least once.

Every relationship you have is going to end, until you have one that doesn't. Understand that the entire point of dating is to have fun in the moment with someone you enjoy. How can you know what type of person you are, or what type of person works best with you, until you have experienced a lot of different people?

#10: Understand that your age defines many things about who you are and what you can accomplish.

I cannot emphasize this enough. Much of what you do and what you CAN do is determined by how old you are and how much experience you have. If you're in high school, you aren't going to be fucking five different girls a week, and if you're 32, you won't be getting smashed five times a week at college parties.

The point: If you are in high school, don't expect to do the things I do. And if you are 35, don't act like you're in high school.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BY BOB KAYE

HOW A RADIO PERSONALITY PUNKED THE *NEW YORK TIMES*—AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE ON PLANET EARTH

JEAN SHEPHERD

THE STORY O

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL RADIO CAREER *in a variety of major markets, including Cincinnati and Philadelphia, master storyteller Jean "Shep" Shepherd landed a gig as the overnight DJ on WOR in New York City in 1956. The time slot of midnight to 6 a.m. was thought of as a no-man's-land on the radio landscape.*

Perhaps it was this lack of expectations that allowed Shep to create a wholly original listening experience. Shep was renowned for telling stories, reading poetry and regaling his army of followers with humorous anecdotes and bitingly funny commentaries about the human condition.

Fans also remember Shepherd for his cowriting and narrating the now-classic Yuletide film A Christmas Story. He died of natural causes in 1999 at the age of 78.

When Jean Shepherd first came to New York he had a very different idea about what broadcasting entailed. At that time radio was already well on its way to being highly formatted. In the early '50s there were still radio dramas, but DJs prevailed.

Shep's idea of radio was to treat it like a blank page on which he could express his ideas about whatever. The fact that he was on all night heavily influenced how the show developed. Up until then the 12-5 a.m. slot was for background filler (what today would be called "elevator music"). WOR didn't even think that it paid to keep the Manhattan studio open, so Shep was relegated to the station's transmitter in Carteret, New Jersey!

"New York was a city that was entirely run by lists," he remarked. Nobody dared go to the theater without reading ten reviews first! "If Clive Barnes said a show was good, it was good. Even if you fell asleep in the first act," Shep added, "you somehow felt that it was your fault!"

The raconteur continued, "Did it ever occur to you that lists are compiled by mortals? When the Oscar is awarded for Best Picture, was it really the best picture? Well, everyone is influenced by these critics. You may laugh at the people who read the *Daily News*, but then *you* believe in the *New York Times*!

"Did it ever occur to you that the person responsible for compiling these lists was some little guy who was stuck for four years doing obituaries? Now his job is to call bookstores and find out what's selling this week.

"Well, Fred Applerot recently bought 500 copies of *Who Shot John*, and he still has 497 copies on the shelf. The guy calls and asks what's hot. '*Who Shot John*! Big hit!' Well, the little guy puts it on his list, and soon everyone goes out and buys it!

"At 3 a.m. the people who believe in lists are asleep. These are the people who get all the latest hit show tickets. Anyone still up at 3 a.m. secretly has some doubts. There are only two kinds of people: Us and Them, and they don't know that we exist!"

It was about this time when Shepherd created a term that became part of the language—like *hot-diggety-dog!* or *gosh!* First, he said, there was the guy who believed in daytime. He felt most alive from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Meetings, lunches, deals—that was his thing. When he came home and flopped in front of the TV with a beer, it was dead time. Over. To sleep.

Then there was the other guy. His time was at 2 or 3 a.m. He might still have to get up at 7 a.m., but around 3 a.m. he was in his own private world. He was a Night Person. The point was that these two types rarely met or knew much about the other's world.

"Now these two groups are constantly battling," Shep pointed out, "but they don't know that they are!

"The Day People truly believe in lists. And prices. A $20 ticket *has* to be better than a $1 ticket. The Top Ten Movies *must* be better than the Second Ten! Now when this guy turns on my show, he thinks *we're* crazy! What is that idiot talking about? Then he puts on WPAT [a Muzak station], the opiate for the masses."

At about 2 a.m. one night, Shep said to his listeners, "Let's all go to the local bookstores tomorrow and ask for a book that we the Night People know doesn't exist." Since it was a communal thing, he asked the listeners to suggest a title. Finally, at about 4:30 a.m. a caller suggested *I, Libertine*. Shep then created an author, Frederick R. Ewing, formerly a British commander in World War II, now a civil servant in Rhodesia, married to Marjorie, a horsewoman from the North Country. Ewing was best known for his BBC broadcasts on 18th-century erotica. He was published by Excelsior Press, an imprint of Cambridge University.

Now who's gonna argue with that? British, Cambridge, a wife named Marjorie?

So what happened next? The first listener walks into a bookstore and asks for *I, Libertine*. The owner says he never heard of it. Man number two walks in asking for it. Now the store owner says, "It's on order." The next guy comes in, and now the bookseller is on the phone to the distributor. "Well," Shep quips, "after 350 more guys ask for it, *Publisher's Weekly* is in shambles!"

By the next day reports started to come back. One listener said, "For years this guy in the Eighth Street Bookshop had me buffaloed. You got the feeling that he actually wrote Kierkegaard! That he was behind Spinoza! If I mentioned Proust, he would say, 'The trouble with Proust was that he never matured.' So I asked him about Ewing and *I, Libertine*. 'It's about time the public discovered him!' I had him! It was great!"

A woman at her bridge party mentioned it. A discussion broke out, and three women decided that they hated *I, Libertine*.

Airline pilots who were listeners started asking for it all over the world. Then a kid who was going to Rutgers wrote Shep: "I'm taking this course in the history of English writing. I did my term paper on F. R. Ewing, British historian, with footnotes and quotes from the BBC broadcasts. I got a B-plus, and the professor wrote, 'superb research!' My God, maybe there was no Chaucer! It could have been some guy 400 years ago putting on the whole world!"

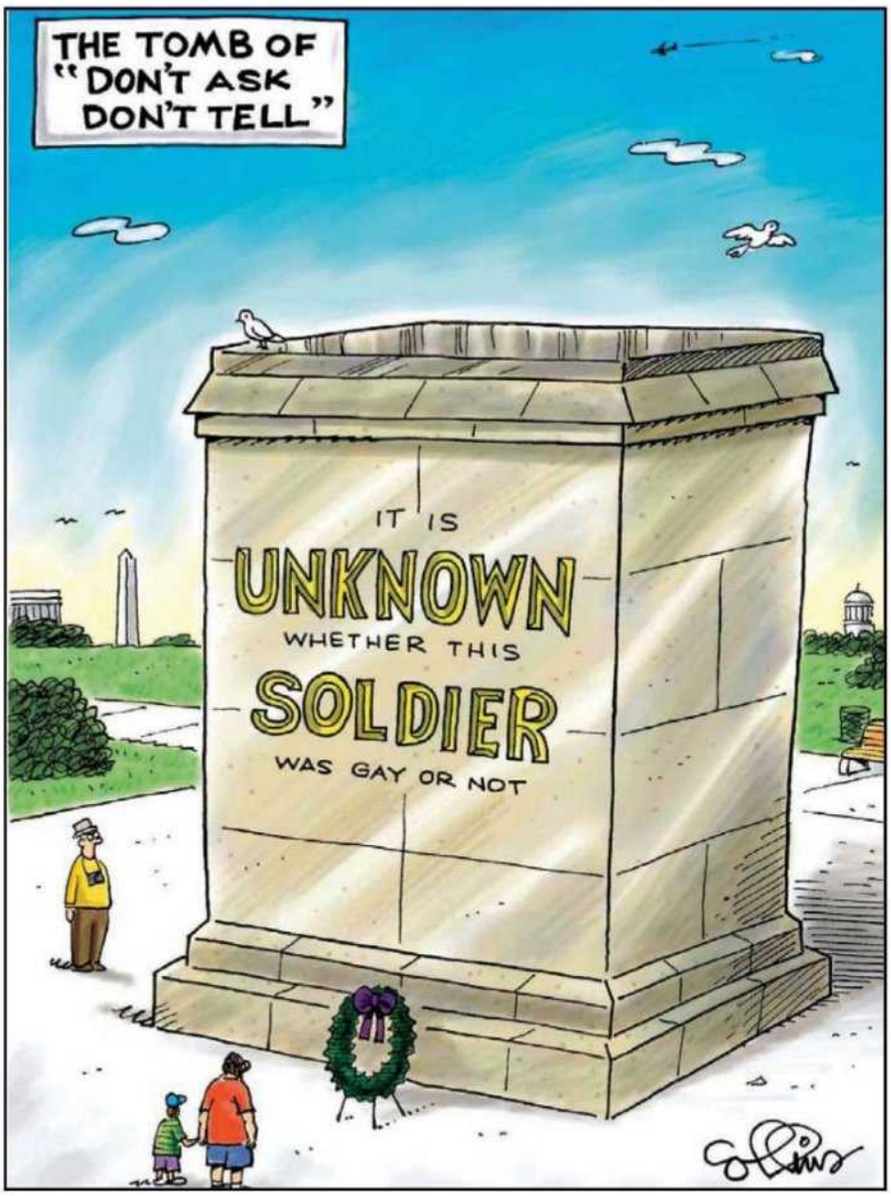
Then came a blurb in an Earl Wilson column: "had lunch with Freddy Ewing yesterday." The PR people who fed Wilson's columns were also Shep listeners! *I, Libertine* was even reviewed by one of the major book supplements of the time! The reviewers were also fans, and Shep told all his listeners to "put your little hooks in wherever you can."

As Shep said, "I felt like a guy at the bottom of a mountain who threw a couple of pebbles up, and suddenly a 400-trillion-ton avalanche falls on him!" Comments continued to appear in numerous newspapers. One guy's boss asked him what he thought of the book.

Shep said he was afraid the President would mention it: "Then I wouldn't believe in anything!"

F I, LIBERTINE

"I'm a firm believer in the redistribution of wealth."



There were articles in *Life*, *Newsweek* and *Time*. However, the ultimate was yet to come.

I, Libertine was placed on the proscribed list by the Archdiocese of Boston! Banned in Boston! At the end of the seventh week it was on a nationwide best-seller list! Other reports indicated it was a best-seller in Rome, Paris and London. Remember, the people asking for this book *knew* that it didn't exist.

On a hot, humid August day in 1956, Shepherd got a call from a *Wall Street Journal* reporter. The journalist told Shep that he thought it was time to break the story. The hoax's mastermind said go ahead. The following day the front-page story hit newsstands at 3 p.m. "At 3:01 p.m.," Shep marveled, "about six countries called. It became a worldwide story."

It was also one of the only stories that was reprinted word for word by the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*! Remember, at no time was there any PR done for this. As Shep would say, "It was the beginning of an attitude that people have had up to today. People up until then never questioned politicians or Big Government like they do now."

After the story broke, Shep was having lunch with the late, great science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon. Ted told Shep, "Ian Ballantine is running all over the world looking for the paperback rights to *I, Libertine*. I told the editor I'd introduce you to him." Well, they all got together over lunch. Shep, with Ted Sturgeon, knocked out the book, and then it really did become a best-seller! (All the profits went to charity.)

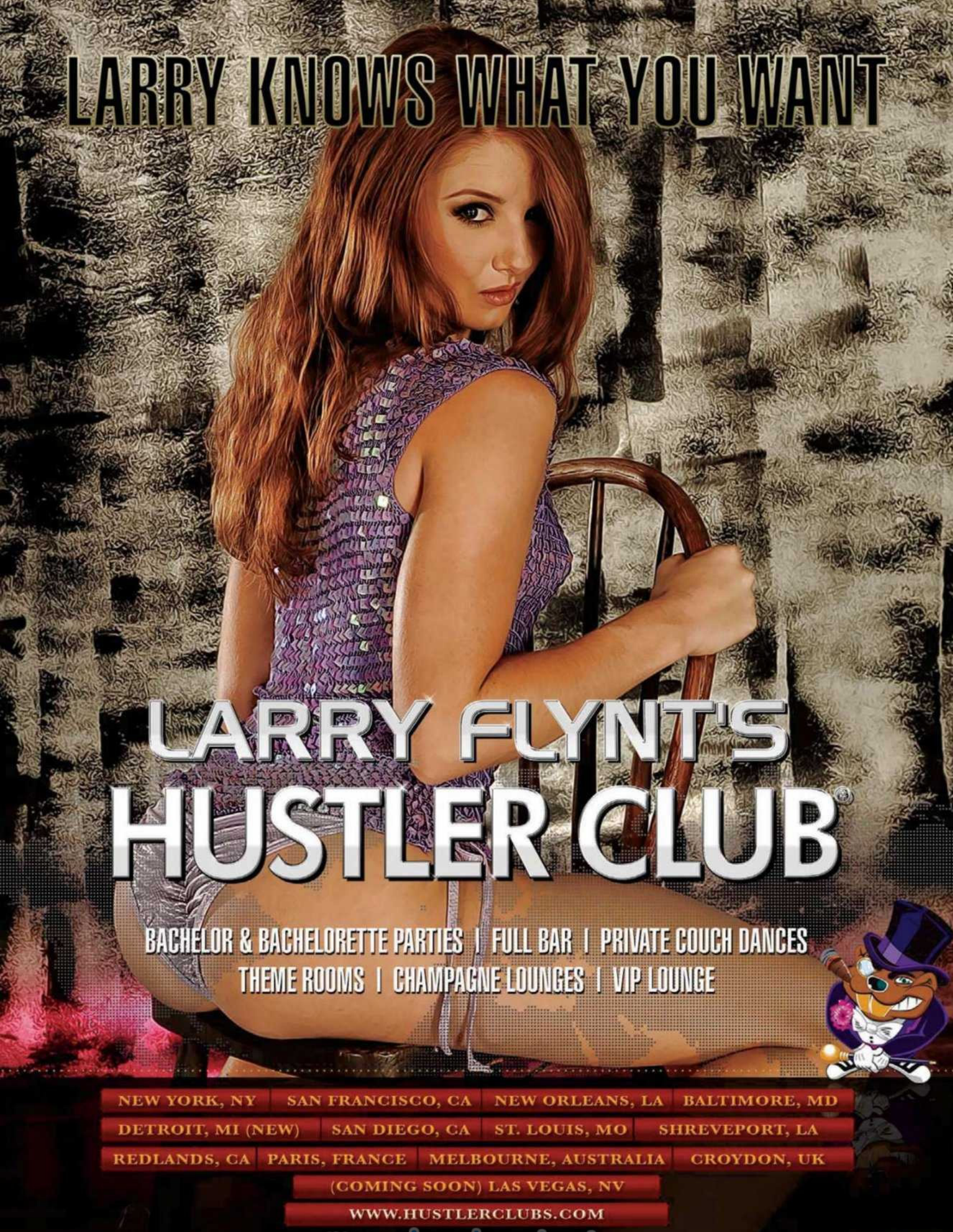
I happened to be lucky enough to find a copy years ago in a used book shop and still have it. Autographed by Shep, no less! The cover was illustrated by Kelly Freas, whom you might remember as one of the main Alfred E. Neuman artists over at *Mad*.

As Shepherd later said, "Few touched on the real point of the story. Most papers got it wrong and said things like 'Disk jockey sells nonexistent book to listeners.' It was the *listeners* who sold a nonexistent book to the *world*! Only the *Wall Street Journal* and the overseas press got it right." The Day People didn't like being had.

The *London Daily Express* called *I, Libertine* one of the greatest hoaxes of all time.

Well, there you have it. At least what I know about it. You see, there's more to Jean Shepherd than nostalgic Christmas stories.

Bob Kaye is a jazz pianist based in New York City. He has played and arranged music for such artists as the Buddy Rich Orchestra, Chris Connor, Anita O'Day, Liza Minelli and currently Lainie Kazan. Over the years, Kaye has also played with such jazz luminaries as Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Yusef Lateef and Lionel Hampton. For more on his tribute to Jean Shepherd, visit **BobKaye.com**.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LISA ANN & CJ WRIGHT

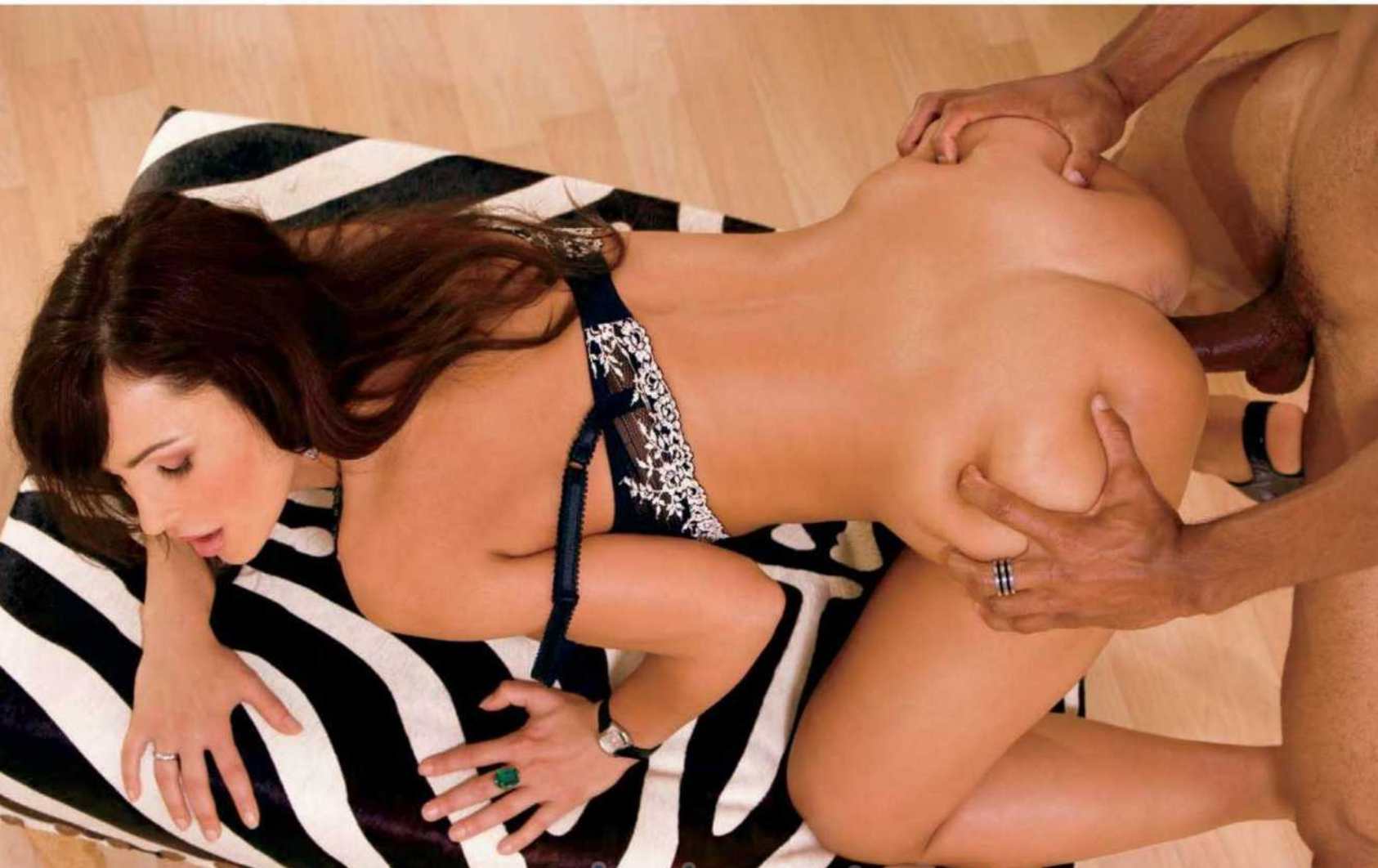
BACK IN BLACK

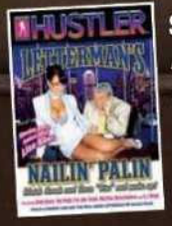
Lisa Ann has become a household name among porn fans thanks to her sexy portrayal of Sarah Palin in a series of HUSTLER Video blockbusters: *Who's Nailin' Paylin?*, *Letterman's Nailin' Palin*, *You're Nailin' Palin* and *Hollywood's Nailin' Palin*. The curvy cougar's latest venture is this steamy interracial pictorial with **CJ Wright**.

"This shoot was such a thrill for me," says lovely **Lisa Ann**. "Not just because **CJ** is so skilled as a lover—the man knows how to handle a woman—but because it was different for me. I'm glad people know who I am due to the *Palin* DVDs, and believe me, I will be doing more. But I don't want to get typecast. I like having the chance to stretch out as an adult actress. This shoot really stretched me out."

What would the porn star do if she ended up face-to-face with Sarah Palin herself? "I don't think that would ever happen," **Lisa Ann** replies. "We don't exactly run in the same circles. But if anything, I would say thanks for allowing me to impersonate you and create a character that has helped me make my mark in porn. Golly, gee, thanks, you betcha!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY





See **Lisa Ann** starring in *Who's Nailin' Paylin?*, *Letterman's Nailin' Palin*, *You're Nailin' Palin* and *Hollywood's Nailin' Palin* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 136 to order by mail.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Jerry Falwell talks about his first time.*
FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.
INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it a little cramped?
FALWELL: Not after I kicked the goat out.
INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.
FALWELL: I never really expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, "What the hell!"
INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?
FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.
INTERVIEWER: Go on.
FALWELL: Well, we were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda—that's called a Fire and Brimstone—at the time. And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a $100 donation.
INTERVIEWER: Campari in the crapper with Mom . . . how interesting. Well, how was it?
FALWELL: The Campari was great, but Mom passed out before I could come.
INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try it again?
FALWELL: Sure . . . lots of times. But not in the outhouse. Between Mom and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.
INTERVIEWER: We meant the Campari.
FALWELL: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to the pulpit. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit sober, do you?
CAMPARI
CAMPARI You'll never forget your first time.

Classic Campari parody ad that started it all: Jerry Falwell's first time in an outhouse with his mom. This one went to the Supreme Court.

Join the Priesthood.
It's a Helluva Deal!
BENEFITS INCLUDE:
† Unlimited access to altar boys*
† Free room and board
† Constant flow of fine wine and spirits
† Frequent-flyer relocation program
† Excellent legal representation at no cost
† Access to the Vatican's secret porn library
† Absolution at the end of the day
† Plus with the robes, you'll never have to wear pants in church again!
* Heterosexual priests substitute lonely housewives and teenage girls with low self-esteem.
NAZI PARTY AFFILIATION A PLUS!
We're looking for a few good men!

Holiday 2005: Nothing says Christmas like a pedophile priest.

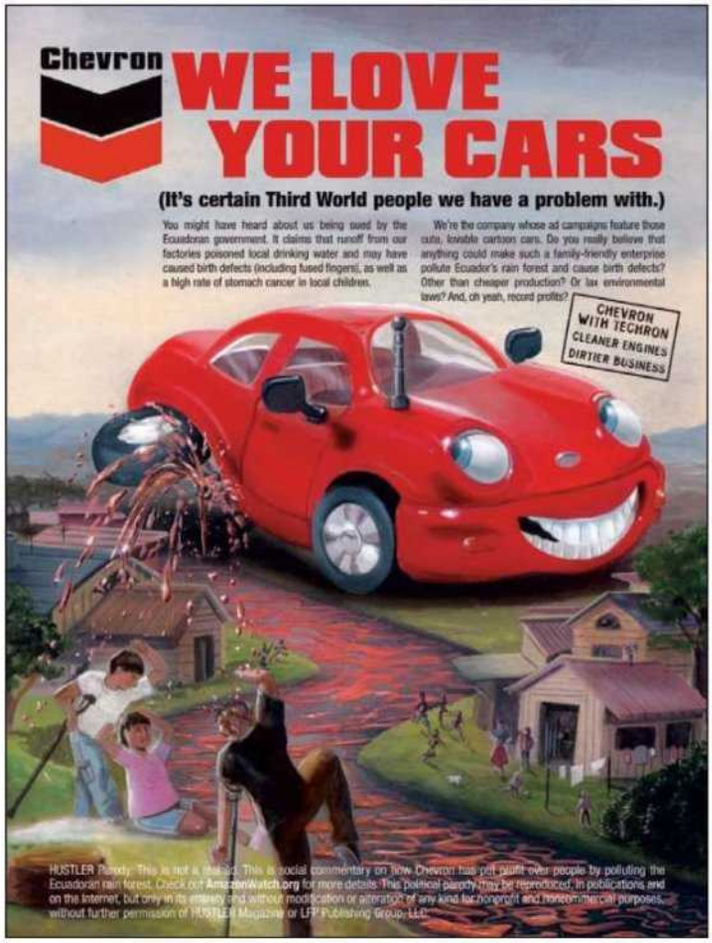
THE HISTORY OF **HUSTLER'S** HYSTERICAL PARODY ADS

TO HELP CELEBRATE HUSTLER MAGAZINE'S 36TH ANNIVERSARY, we're taking a look back at what separates us from other men's publications. No, not gorgeous women showing pink. That's a given. We're talking about our monthly parody ads, which spoof a wide range of timely subjects.

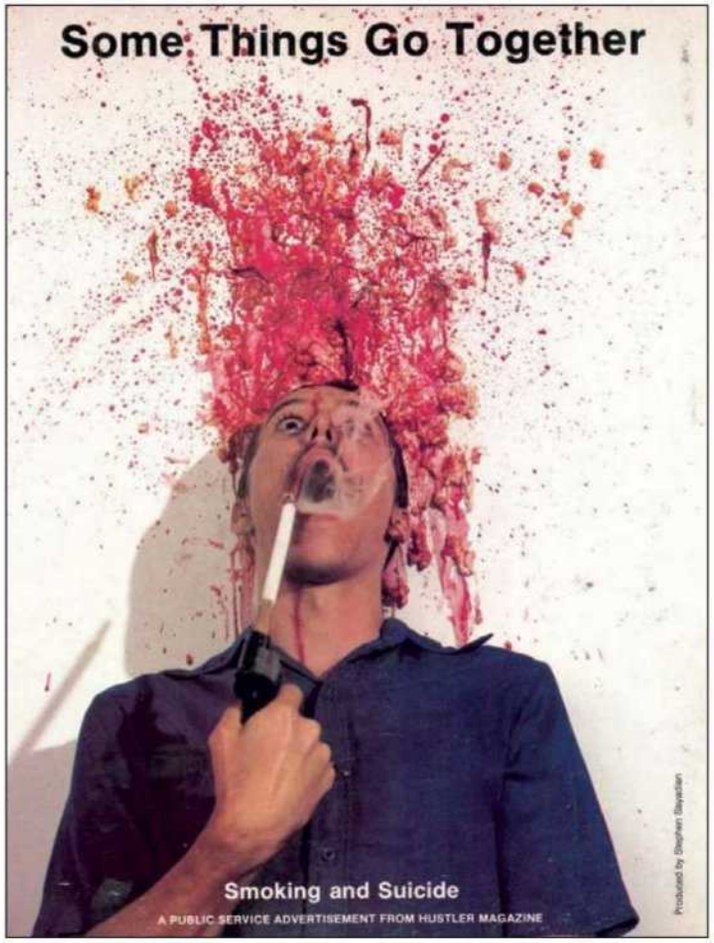
Starting off each and every issue is a no-holds-barred (and some say tasteless) comic assault on America's culture. Although movie posters are often the focus, these sex parodies have also targeted weird products, social trends and celebrities. The Reverend Jerry Falwell, Bill Cosby, Kirstie Alley, Kobe Bryant, David Duchovny and, most recently, Tiger Woods are among the numerous public figures who have been lampooned in HUSTLER. If you're a big name doing something stupid, and we find out about it, there's a good chance you'll find yourself in one of our signature parodies.

On the other hand, our political parodies primarily serve as public-service announcements or hazard alerts. Editorial Director Bruce David best describes them as "a stab at the heart of corporate greed and corruption; they are the ads these companies would run if they told the truth." Over the years we have exposed everything from lead paint in toys (Mattel), to drug companies' questionable practices (Pfizer), toxins in your food (Perdue Farms, Ball Park Franks) and labor and environmental abuses around the globe (Hershey, Coca-Cola).

Compiling this retrospective, we realize that some of you may not have even noticed our parodies until now. We work so hard adding every detail that at first blush they appear to be actual ads. Plus, we know you're in a big rush to get to what you really buy HUSTLER for…the articles.

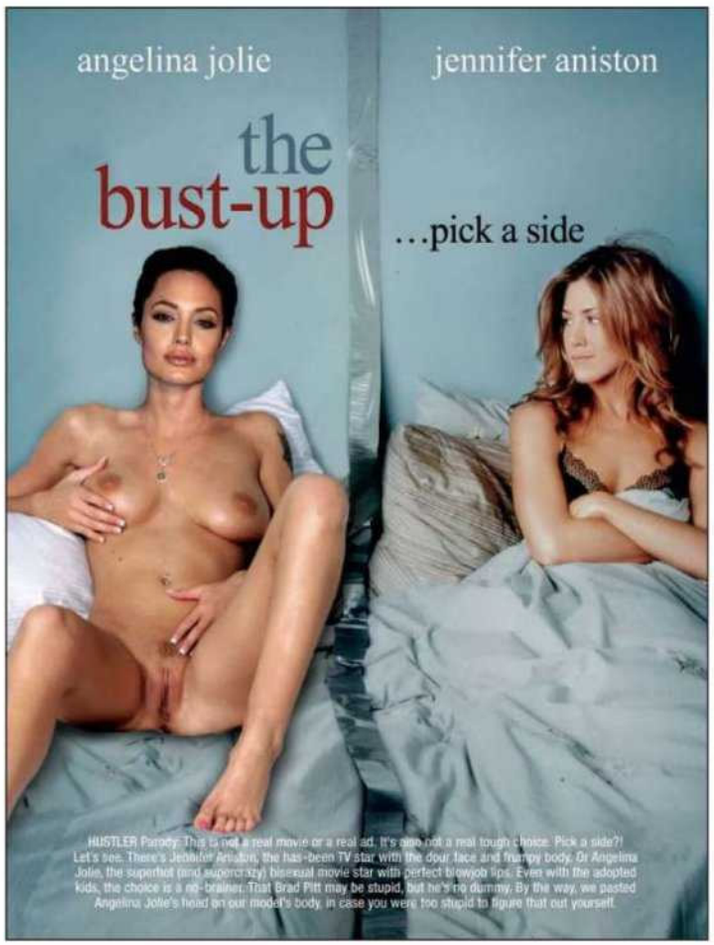

Chevron
WE LOVE YOUR CARS
(It's certain Third World people we have a problem with.)
You might have heard about us being sued by the Ecuadoran government. It claims that runoff from our factories poisoned local drinking water and may have caused birth defects (including fused fingers), as well as a high rate of stomach cancer in local children.
We're the company whose ad campaigns feature those cute, lovable cartoon cars. Do you really believe that anything could make such a family-friendly enterprise pollute Ecuador's rain forest and cause birth defects? Other than cheaper production? Or lax environmental laws? And, oh yeah, record profits?
CHEVRON WITH TECHRON CLEANER ENGINES DIRTIER BUSINESS
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how Chevron has put profit over people by polluting the Ecuadoran rain forest. Check out AmazonWatch.org for more details. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

September 2006: Chevron uses slave labor to get their gas.

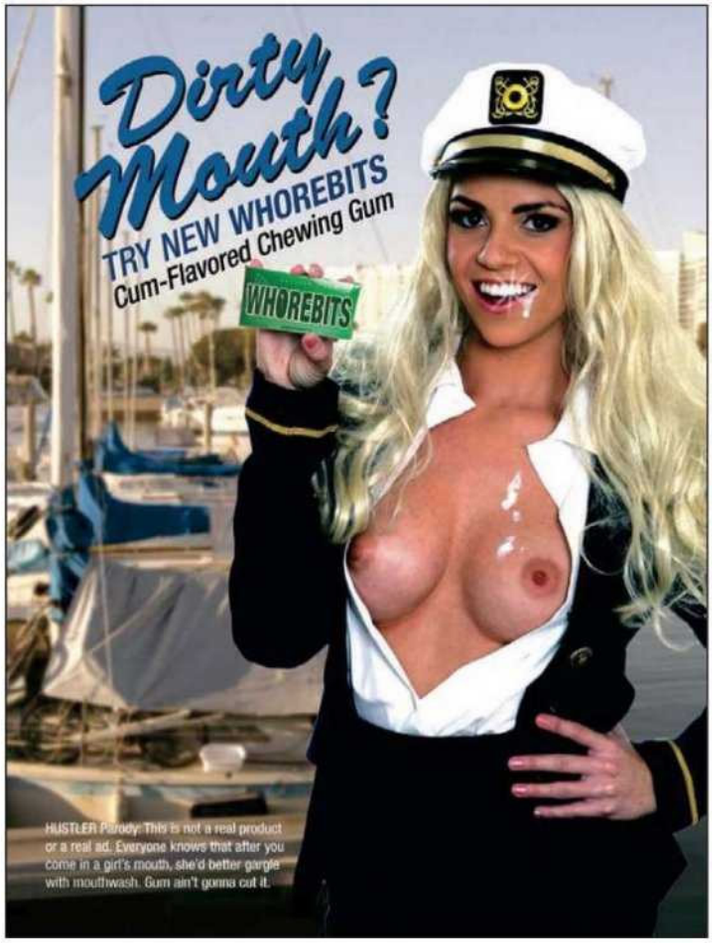

Some Things Go Together
Smoking and Suicide
A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE
Produced by Stephen Slaughter

November 1976: Historic antismoking campaign.

February 2005: iPod parody.


angelina jolie
jennifer aniston
the bust-up
...pick a side
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real movie or a real ad. It's also not a real tough choice. Pick a side?! Let's see. There's Jennifer Aniston, the has-been TV star with the dour face and frumpy body. Or Angelina Jolie, the superhot (and supercrazy) bisexual movie star with perfect blowjob lips. Even with the adopted kids, the choice is a no-brainer. That Brad Pitt may be stupid, but he's no dummy. By the way, we pasted Angelina Jolie's head on our model's body, in case you were too stupid to figure that out yourself.

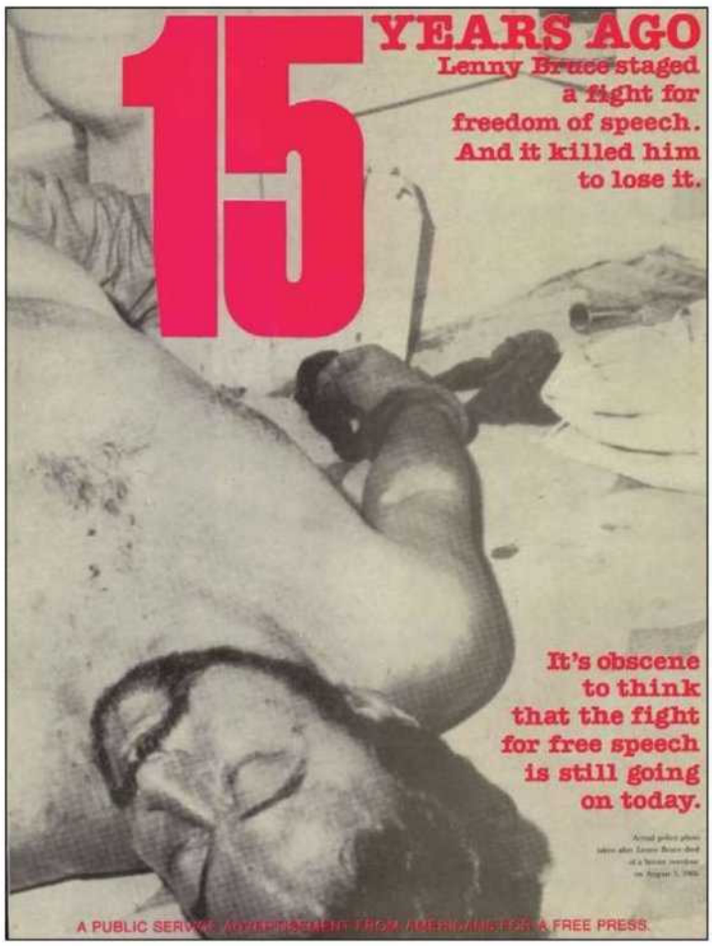
December 2006: The Break-Up *parody: Angelina vs. Aniston.*


Dirty Mouth?
TRY NEW WHOREBITS
Cum-Flavored Chewing Gum
WHOREBITS
HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real product or a real ad. Everyone knows that after you come in a girl's mouth, she'd better gargle with mouthwash. Gum ain't gonna cut it.

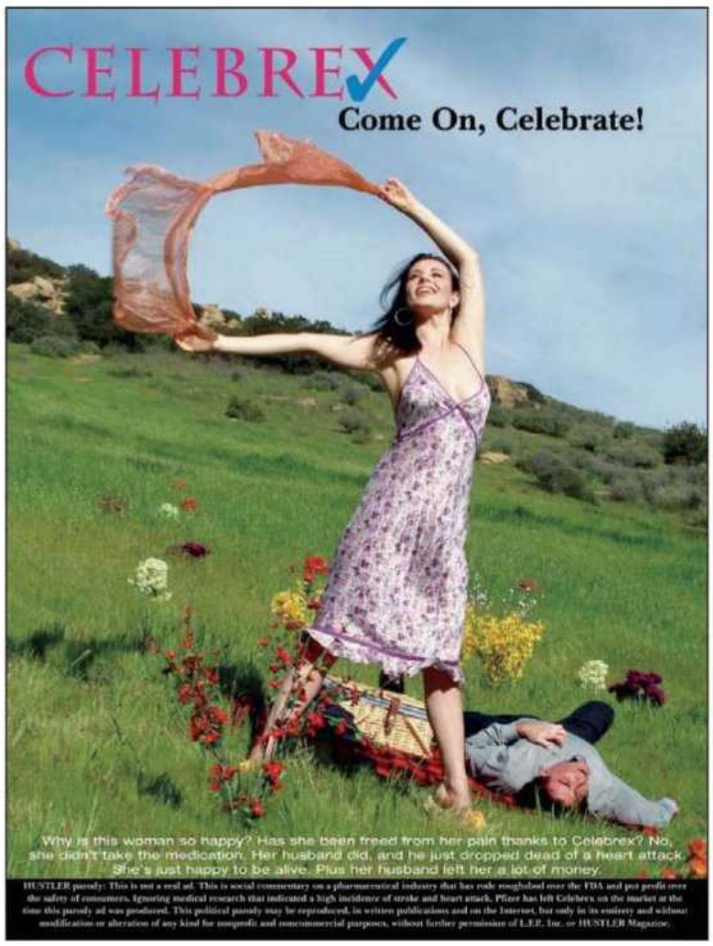
April 2008: Orbit gum becomes Whorebits cum.

WE WANT YOU!
(To Get Mad Cow Disease)
America is under attack by a group of tree-hugging, sandal-wearing hippies from Creekstone Farms who want to force you to eat safe food. If we don't stop them, they will implement a process to test every one of their cattle for mad cow disease. Why would they do this? To destroy free trade and undermine American business by forcing everyone else in this great country's meatpacking industry to follow suit.
You can't let this happen! You're an American! Fight for your right to eat poison beef!
HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is commentary on how the U.S. Department of Agriculture has thwarted Creekstone Farms' efforts to guarantee 100%-safe meat by testing all its cattle before slaughtering. Creekstone Farms has now been forced to file a lawsuit against the USDA for the right to produce safe meat. Seems that once again a division of our own government has put profit above safety. For more info, check out OrganicConsumers.org and MadCowBlog.com. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

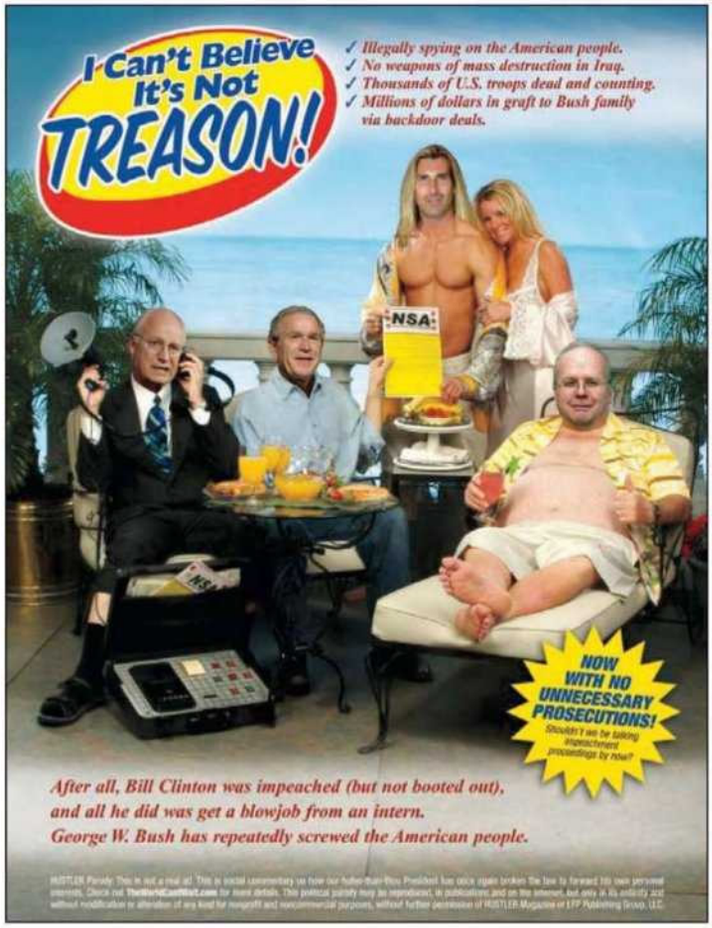
November 2008: Uncle Sam promotes mad cow disease, highlighting the fact that America only checks 1% of all beef.


15 YEARS AGO
Lenny Bruce staged a fight for freedom of speech. And it killed him to lose it.
It's obscene to think that the fight for free speech is still going on today.
A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM AMERICANS FOR A FREE PRESS.

July 1977: Freedom of speech martyr Lenny Bruce.


CELEBREX
Come On, Celebrate!
Why is this woman so happy? Has she been freed from her pain thanks to Celebrex? No, she didn't take the medication. Her husband did, and he just dropped dead of a heart attack. She's just happy to be alive. Plus her husband left her a lot of money.
HUSTLER parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on a pharmaceutical industry that has rode roughshod over the FDA and put profit over the safety of consumers. Ignoring medical research that indicated a high incidence of stroke and heart attack, Pfizer has left Celebrex on the market at the time this parody ad was produced. This political parody may be reproduced, in written publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of L.F.P., Inc., or HUSTLER Magazine.

June 2005: Celebrex causes heart attacks, but they didn't stop selling it.


I Can't Believe It's Not TREASON!
✓ Illegally spying on the American people.
✓ No weapons of mass destruction in Iraq.
✓ Thousands of U.S. troops dead and counting.
✓ Millions of dollars in graft to Bush family via backdoor deals.
NSA
NOW WITH NO UNNECESSARY PROSECUTIONS!
Shouldn't we be taking impeachment proceedings by now?
After all, Bill Clinton was impeached (but not booted out), and all he did was get a blowjob from an intern. George W. Bush has repeatedly screwed the American people.

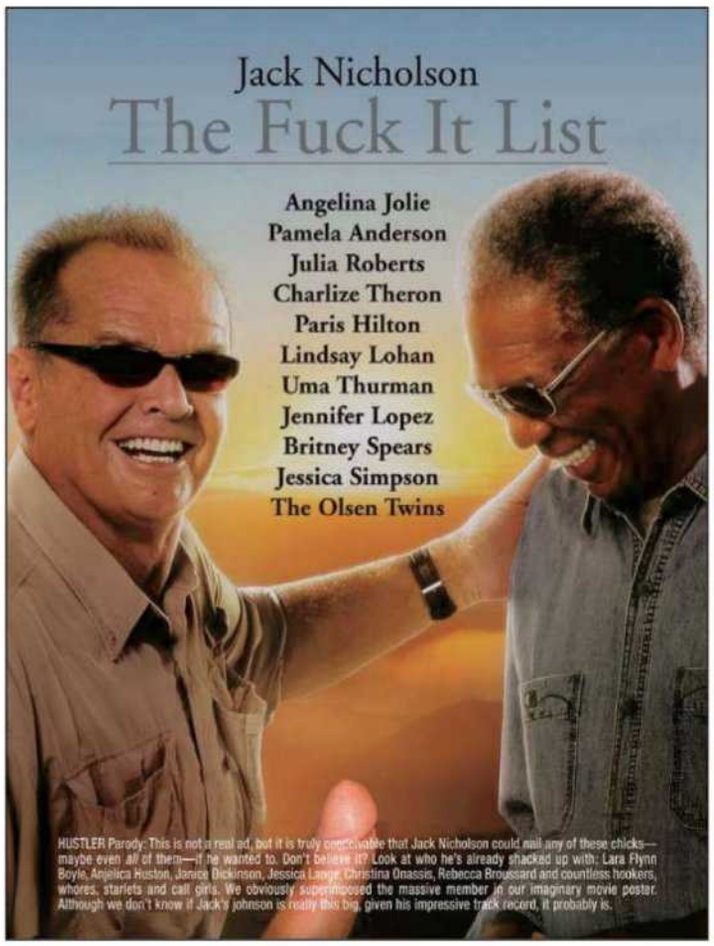
August 2006: Bush, Cheney, Rove and Fabio? I Can't Believe It's Not Butter parody.

YOUR MOM WASN'T YOUR DAD'S FIRST
Your father fucked a ton of women: stewardesses, cocktail waitresses, models, office girls. You name it, he fucked it. He didn't really discriminate. He drank cocktails made with American Schlub. He had to. Some of the chicks he porked were real pigs. Quantity, not quality, mattered. Pops was a player, a real cocksman. Then one night he was screwing a hot little whore doggy-style, and the condom broke. That's how you got here. BTW: Your mom wasn't a 10; she was barely a 4.
DAMN RIGHT, YOUR DAD FUCKED IT.
American Schlub
HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. We don't know if your father was a player or not. Ours was....and still is.

April 2009: Canadian Club parody: Your dad did not discriminate; he screwed them all!

Hornier
HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real product. When Perrier ran an ad campaign encouraging people to "create your own ad," we couldn't resist. We just wish there was a magical way to make women horny...besides cheap beer and cash.

Holiday 2007: Perrier had a draw-your-own-ad contest. Here's our submission.


Jack Nicholson
The Fuck It List
Angelina Jolie
Pamela Anderson
Julia Roberts
Charlize Theron
Paris Hilton
Lindsay Lohan
Uma Thurman
Jennifer Lopez
Britney Spears
Jessica Simpson
The Olsen Twins
HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but it is truly conceivable that Jack Nicholson could nail any of these chicks—maybe even all of them—if he wanted to. Don't believe it? Look at who he's already shacked up with: Lara Flynn Boyle, Anjelica Huston, Janice Dickinson, Jessica Lange, Christina Onassis, Rebecca Broussard and countless hookers, whores, starlets and call girls. We obviously superimposed the massive member in our imaginary movie poster. Although we don't know if Jack's johnson is really this big, given his impressive track record, it probably is.

July 2008: The Bucket List *parody.*

A Day in the Life of Misty Stone

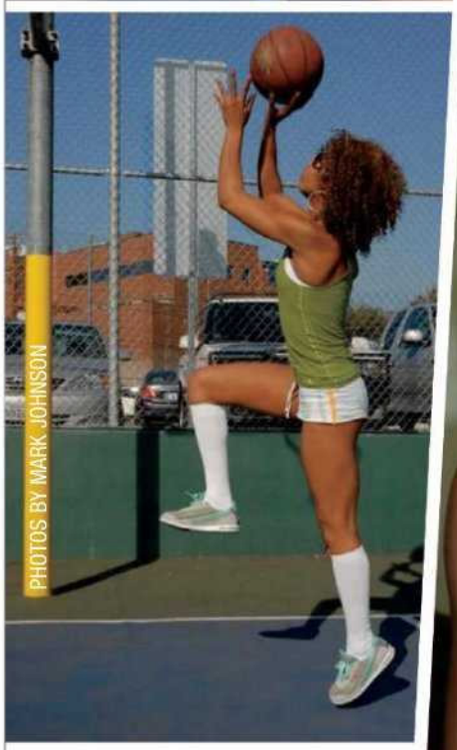
HARD-CORE'S NEW NUMBER-ONE BLACK STAR IS ADDICTED TO XXX SUCCESS, BUT BEHIND THE SMILEY, SEXY IMAGE IS A SOUL OF SURPRISING CONVICTIONS.

IT'S NOT HARD TO PEEL THE CLOTHES OFF OF A PORN STAR. Just point a camera at her. But peeling the layers of public image away to get at the real woman—if there is one—is a whole other matter.

I knew I faced a challenge when I rang Misty Stone's intercom on a bright fall day in the San Fernando Valley. "Hi, baby, I'll be right down," said a pleasant voice, as if it knew me. Porn chicks call everyone "baby" or "sweets" or something similar. It's one of the layers.

A few minutes later the gate swung open. Misty stood in the middle of the driveway wrapped in nothing but a bath towel. She had just gotten out of the shower and

PHOTO FROM *SEXUAL BLACKTIVITY* COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO



hadn't slapped on her trademark look. One layer gone. She smiled and gave me a warm hug. "Follow me," she said, as if there were any chance I wouldn't.

Misty unplugged was just as fuckable as the glossy screen version. I told her she could stay that way all day. She didn't agree.

We walked into one of Porn Valley's ubiquitous mini-mansions, making our way up a wide staircase. Misty had a room upstairs. Her housemates, also sex bunnies, lived in other far-flung corners of the echoey building.

Misty's room had an impersonal, transient feel. Most of her stuff was in storage someplace, she explained. Essentially, she was living out of suitcases. She plopped herself into a makeup chair, and a personable young guy started applying the professional mask.

"What do you want me to do today?" Misty asked.

"Whatever you'd do anyway," I replied. "I'm not here."

"I'd usually be fucking on camera."

"This isn't about porn; this is about the real Misty."

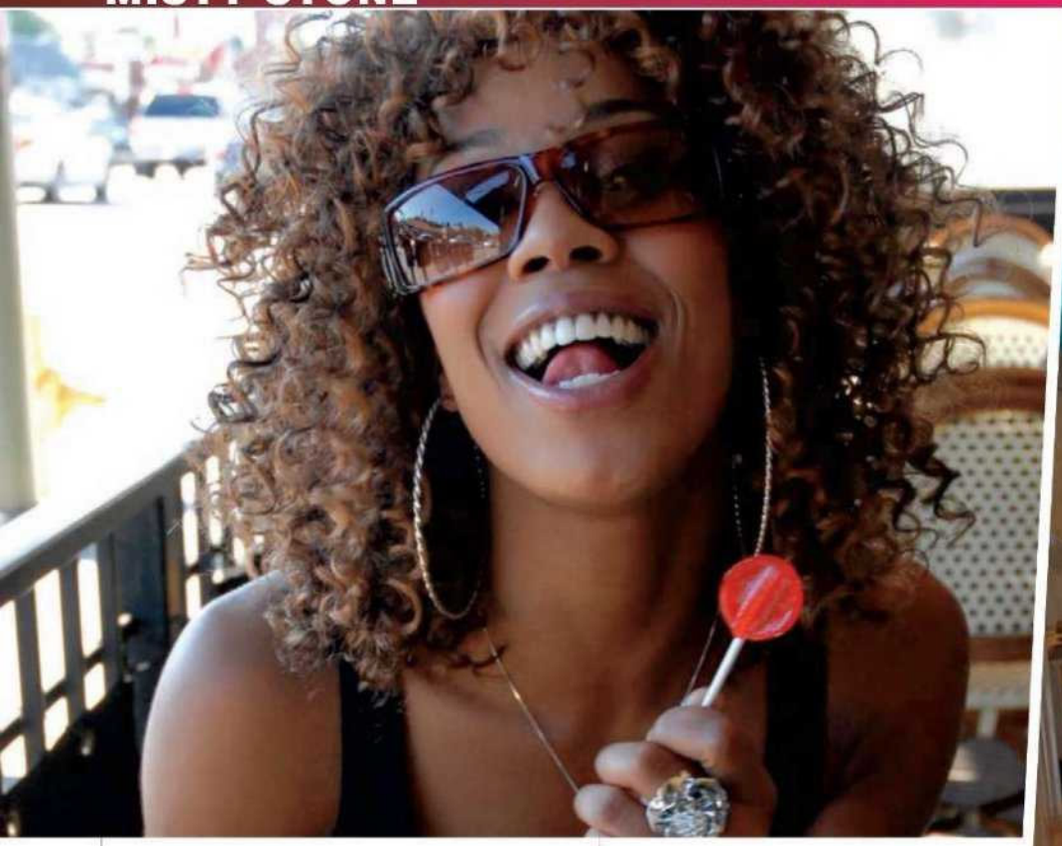
"But the real Misty loves porn!" she exclaimed. "The real Misty *is* porn!"

This wasn't going to be easy.

Misty Stone started out in the jizz biz three years previous, with predictable strokers like *Ghetto Lollipops*, before using her mocha looks and cheerful screen presence to become porn's interracial it-girl. Prime roles in *Not the Cosbys XXX* and *Tru* put her on the A-list. Misty could play the ghetto girl cliché, but her real niche was the bourgeois, white-friendly black chick. Directors were always looking for the "Halle Berry of porn." In Misty they thought maybe they had found it.

"I grew up in Nebraska," she said. "I came out here for my junior and senior years in high school, then moved back and tried to start a life there. After dancing at strip clubs, I came back to California. This is where the money is!"

I glanced around, noticing her place was very clean. A little too clean. The bed didn't look slept in. I told her I wasn't sure I believed she really lived here. She laughed.



PHOTOS BY MARK JOHNSON

"I have serious OCD. I had to sweep the floor before you came, even though it was clean. I scrub my bathroom every day."

A clean freak who does dirty things for a living. The irony was too perfect.

"Do you usually do it naked, by any chance?" I ventured.

She flashed me a grin. "As a matter of fact, I do. Are you sure it isn't too much like porn?"

"I'm sure," I said.

Misty dropped her towel, clicking into OCD mode. I snapped pictures of the furious tempest of cleanser, splashing water and bronze skin. She wasn't just cavorting for the camera; she was serious about cleanliness.

"Were you always a clean freak?" I asked.

"No, my mom used to clean up after me. I was such a hell child. I'm not sure what happened." She bounded to the mirror to check her makeup and choose an outfit.

"Are you happy with your body?" I asked.

"Totally," she answered.

"No fake boobs on the schedule?"

"I don't want a breastjob," she asserted. "I don't want to change anything about me. I'm very photogenic no matter what I do."

"You love yourself?"

"I do. Totally."

I silently resolved to check her boobs in a few years.

"How did you develop your look?" I asked.

"I had a friend, a cute mixed girl. Her hair was so beautiful and curly. I said, 'I'm stealing that look!' "

"Are you using it because it sells well, makes you look like a mixed girl?"

"Well, she was mixed. But when I use it, it looks more Afrocentric. That's why everybody thinks it's so natural."

I didn't entirely agree but didn't argue. There was one last thing to do before heading out. Misty laid out her paraphernalia to roll a healthy supply of prime California medicinal. I didn't have to ask how she got her porn name.

Ten minutes later we were barreling down Ventura Boulevard in a cluttered Dodge, CD blaring, with Misty behind the wheel taking a deep drag off the day's first joint. I was enjoying the secondary buzz. Then I noticed that the airbags had been deployed and never replaced.

"Is this your car?" I asked.

"It's my boyfriend's. He's incarcerated. We did everything together: partied, played basketball. I loved him so much."

"Why don't you have a new boyfriend?" I asked, wondering if it might have something to do with the car.

"Somebody falling in love with me and getting in my face every day? No. There is other shit that I would like to take care of." She tossed her purse at me.

"Here, put this on the seat," Misty commanded. "Not on the floor. Put my purse on the floor, and I'll be broke. Put it on the seat, I'll be getting some money today." Superstition. It might be a desperate attempt to influence random existence, but Misty made it sound reasonable. The pot fog helped.

"Basketball," I said. "That's a good idea. Let's do that."

"Sure," she exhaled. "Just have to pick up a check. Money comes first."

"You live check to check?"

"It's crazy, right?" Misty reached for the volume knob. "Here's the song I listen to when I get money. 'I'm a Diva!' You know who this is, right?"

I gave her a sheepish look.

"It's Beyoncé!" she hollered. "I thought you were into black culture!"

"Did I just lose my ghetto pass?"

"Yes!"

As Misty belted out the diva hymn, I contemplated the parallels between Misty and Beyoncé. Like a porn star, Beyoncé had created an alter ego named Sasha Fierce. Sasha was Beyoncé's ultra-diva self. I, meanwhile, was trying to get at the real woman behind porn diva Misty Stone.

We found an empty basketball court. Misty stubbed out a cigarette, then started dribbling and bouncing shots off the backboard like a pro. After ten minutes she was out of breath.

"I guess it's a little more strenuous than having sex all the time," I joked.

"I can't believe I'm feeling this already!" she wheezed. "It's *(continued on page 99)*

Happy Birthday, Hustler!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Sitting Pretty

ROXANNA

I have no hang-ups when it comes to sex," raves the stunning **Roxanna**, who was born in the Central Asian republic of Uzbekistan. "I travel with a United Kingdom passport, but I'm not uptight and prudish like some British girls. All of my friends are like me: horny and experimental."

What does that mean, **Roxanna**? "It means that if someone wants to tie me up and spank me, why not? If a hot couple wants to turn me into their sexual plaything for a night or two, why not?

"If an orgy suddenly breaks out at a party, with cocks and pussies coming at me from all angles, why not dive right in? This attitude is why I pierced my clit. It was a new thing to try."

How painful was that? "The initial piercing hurt for a second or two," Roxanna recalls, "but it was a *good* hurt. It has brought me nothing but pleasure and extra sensitivity. You just have to lightly rub it, and I start to come. I'm glad I did it.

"If I had been uptight about sex, I never would have discovered something that gives me so much joy. I tell everybody when it comes to sex, don't be afraid to try something new. It just might rock your world."

ROXANNA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Blackpool, England | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 100

HUSTLER®
HONEY
JULY 2010
CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

Open to Anything!
xoxo,
Roxanna

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CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

Open to Anything!
xoxo,
Roxanna

Jake, who didn't believe in premarital sex, was about to wed his sweetheart. So he asked his doctor how he could tell if she was a virgin. The doctor said, "You'll need a tube of red paint, a tube of blue paint and a shovel."

"And what will I be needing those items for?" the perplexed groom-to-be asked.

The doctor replied, "On your wedding night paint one of your testicles red and the other one blue. If your bride says, 'That's the strangest pair of balls I've ever seen,' hit her with the shovel!"

Question: If the bird of peace is the dove, what's the bird of true love?

Answer: The swallow.

A Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irishman were guzzling in an American bar. The Scotty gloated, "I prefer the pubs back home. There's a place in Glasgow where, once you've bought four drinks, the owner will buy you the next one."

The Englishman interjected, "Back in London, at the Red Lion, after you buy just two drinks, the barman won't charge you for the third!"

"Aw, that's nothin'!" the Irishman huffed. "You never have to pay for a drink at my neighborhood pub in Dublin! And when you've had enough, you'll be taken upstairs and seen that you get laid—all on the house!"

The Scotsman and the Englishman were skeptical, and the Scotty asked, "Did this actually happen to you?"

"Not meself personally," the Irishman admitted, "but it did happen to me sister quite a few times!"

Barack Obama stood before an elementary-school assembly in the Deep South and asked for total silence. Once the pupils hushed up, the President started to slowly clap his hands once every few seconds.

Then he said into a microphone, "Children, every time I clap my hands, a child in America dies from gun violence."

As the President resumed slapping his hands together, Little Johnny cried out from the back of the auditorium, "Hey, ya dumb nigger, stop clapping!"

Bob died and went to Heaven. There he told God he had some questions he'd always wanted to ask Him. God said to go for it. Nervously, Bob murmured, "Why did you make women so beautiful and special?"

"So that you'd love them, of course."

"But, God," Bob continued, "why did you also make them so damn stupid?"

Leaning forward, God whispered, "So they would love you."

Thumbing through a bridal magazine, a ten-year-old boy asked his mother why wedding dresses are white. "Well, son," she explained, "it indicates to friends and relatives that the bride is pure."

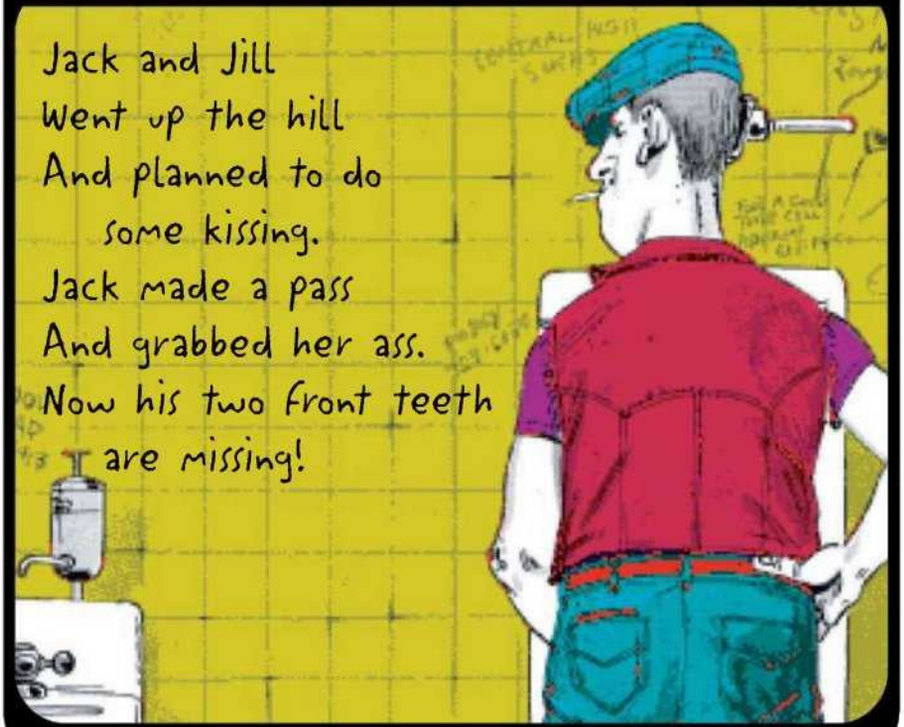
Then the kid turned to his father, who was sitting nearby, and asked if this was true. "Son," the smart-alec dad hissed, "all household appliances come in white!"

Now that food has replaced sex in my life, I can't even get into my *own* pants!

As Joe sat by his dying wife's bedside, the haggard lady choked out, "Joe, darling, I've got a few confessions to make. I'm the one who took the $10,000 from your safe. I spent it on a Vegas fling with my girfriend and her husband. And it was I who forced your mistress to leave town and who reported your income-tax evasion to the IRS."

"That's all right, dear," Joe assured her. "Don't give it a second thought. Just lie there and let the poison do its work."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Cliff N.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 40) House Banking and Currency Committee Chairman Louis McFadden charged on the Congressional Record: "Some people think that the Federal Reserve Banks are United States Government institutions. They are private monopolies which prey upon the people of these United States for the benefit of themselves and their foreign customers; foreign and domestic speculators and swindlers; and rich and predatory money lenders. . . . These 12 private credit monopolies were deceitfully and disloyally foisted upon this Country by the bankers who came here from Europe and repaid us our hospitality by undermining our American institutions."

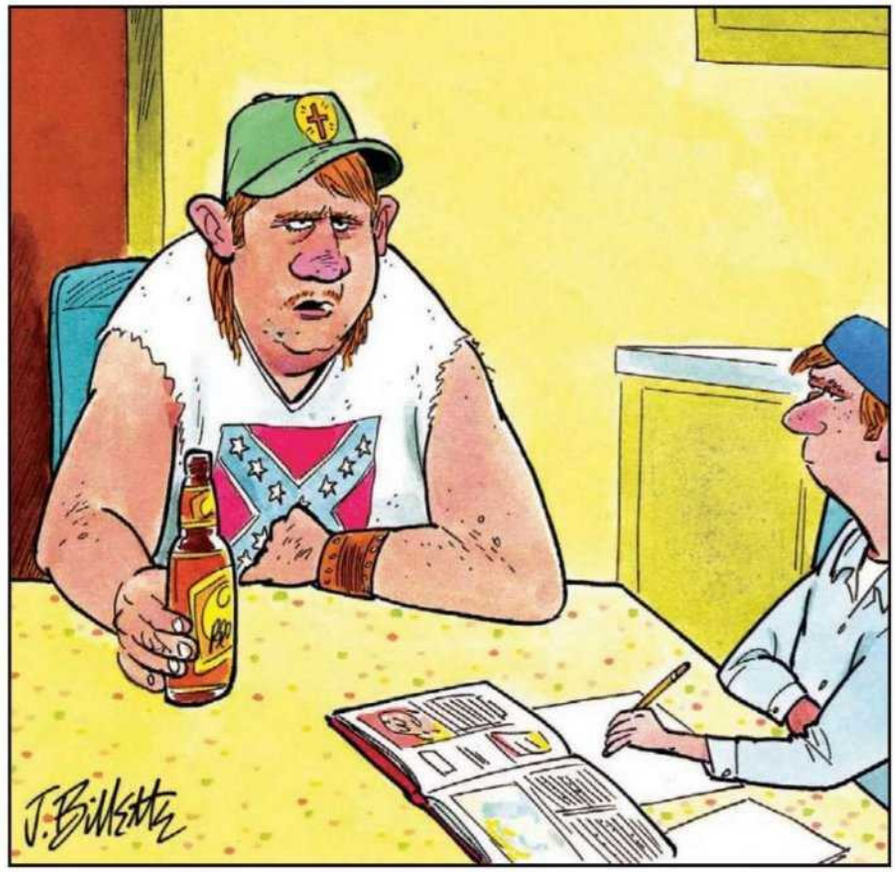
If the purpose of the Fed was to backstop bank runs, it did not work very well, since the largest bank run in history occurred in 1933. But that did not prompt Congress to disband this privately owned banking club with a monopoly on the right to create money. Instead, the dollar was taken off the gold standard, which had required that real gold be handed over to people demanding it. From then on, the Fed had the power to inflate its way out of bank crises just by printing the money its member banks needed to cover shortfalls at the teller's window.

And inflate the Fed did. Since banks created the principal but not the interest needed to pay back their loans, debtors had to continually be found to take out new loans that the banks could charge interest on. It was the only way to keep the game going.

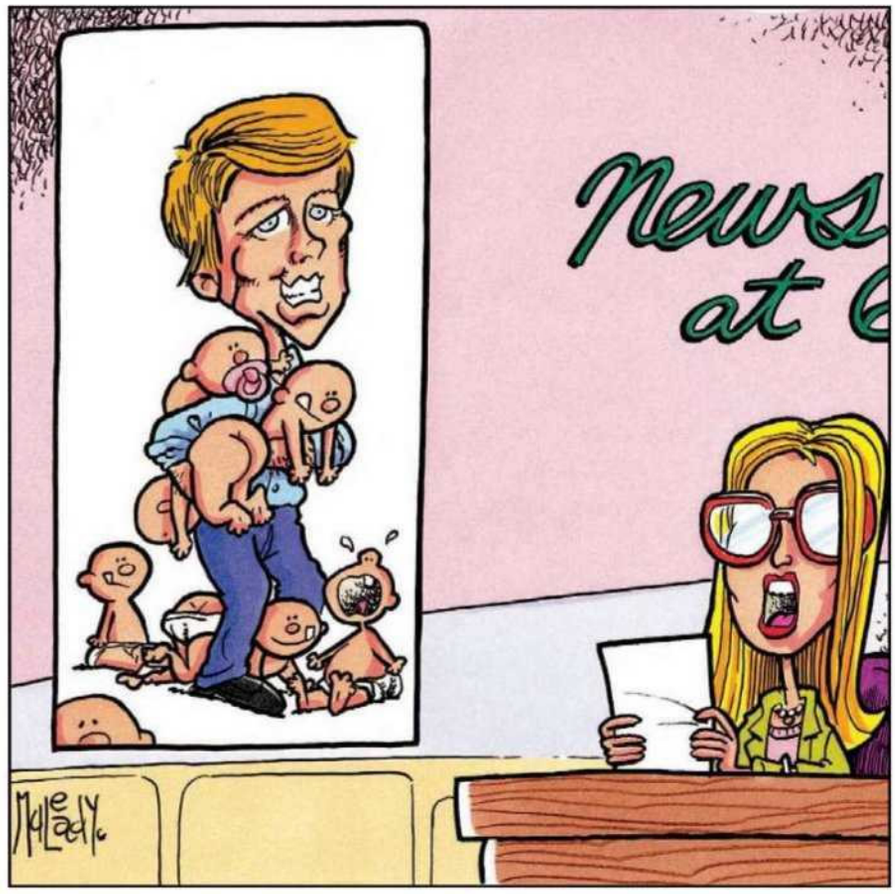
The banking scheme became not only a shell game but a pyramid scheme, which spread around the world until it ran out of creditworthy borrowers. It reached its mathematical limits in 2007, with the collapse of a housing bubble created by the Fed when it drastically lowered interest rates in 2001. The bubble burst when the Fed progressively raised rates after 2004. The Fed and the taxpayers have bailed out the Wall Street bankers, who are now extracting some of their biggest bonuses ever from market speculation. But Wall Street has largely shut off the credit spigots to Main Street, forcing businesses to close and driving millions of homeowners into foreclosure and bankruptcy.

The banking scheme is a confidence game, and today confidence is wearing thin. Surveys show that 75% to 80% of Americans are in favor of passing H.R. 1207 and S604, the House and Senate bills to audit and investigate the Fed. The jig is up. It's time for a new game with new rules.

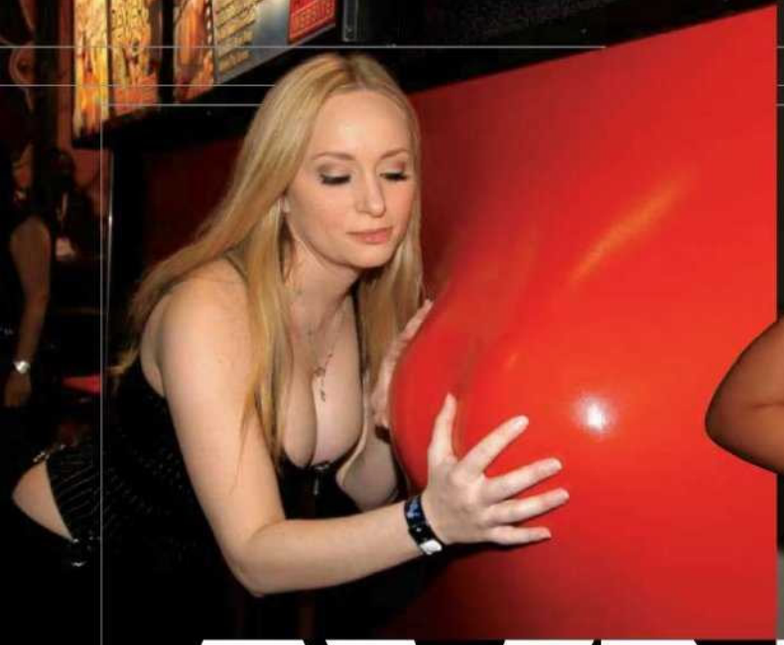
Ellen Brown is an attorney in Los Angeles and the author of 11 books. In *Web of Debt: The Shocking Truth About Our Money System and How We Can Break Free* she shows how a private banking cartel has usurped the power to create money from the people themselves, and how We the People can get it back. Her Web site is **WebOfDebt.com**.



"Best you ask your ma, son. I don't know nuthin' about American history except that we lost the Civil War, George Wallace was shot, and we now got us a colored in the White House."



"Senator John Edwards not only admitted he was the father of his mistress's baby, he also claimed responsibility as the father of the Octomom's eight brats."



Kagney Linn Karter

Katsuni

AVN PORN'S BIGGEST PARTY

THERE'S EYE CANDY GALORE AS LAS VEGAS HOSTS ITS MOST STAR-STUDDED SPECTACLE.

Wicked girls

Every January "Sin City" lives up to its name when the *AVN* (*Adult Video News*) Adult Entertainment Expo and Awards Show comes to town. The Sands convention center is ground zero for all the filthy fun as the biggest names in porn and the tens of thousands of fans who love them gather for an orgy of mutual appreciation.

Although the 2010 Expo was reduced to just one floor (damn economy!), it was still packed with your favorite XXX stars holding court in a maze of booths while enterprising exhibitors hawked everything from lingerie to lube. For the more adventurous there was even a bucking-bronco-style giant penis ride.

Some of the big names on hand to meet and greet were Tera Patrick, Jesse Jane, Jenna Haze, Bree Olson, Sunny Leone, Nikki Benz, Kayden Kross, Kagney Linn Karter and Sunny Lane, as well as the legendary Christy Canyon, Nina Hartley and Ron Jeremy. For less than a hundred bucks a day you got to press the flesh with these fantasy figures, who spent hours happily signing free autographs and posing for photo-ops.

Lisa Ann

Bree Olson

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

The four-day spectacle ended with a bang in the form of the traditional *AVN* Awards Show. Dubbed the "Oscars of Porn," the high-energy, professionally produced extravaganza boasted a bevy of dressed-to-the-nines stars, tear-stained acceptance speeches and performances by hip-hop superstar Baby Bash and other fine musical acts. This year's festivities, held at the Palms Hotel's Pearl Theatre, were cohosted by porn darlings Kayden Kross and Kirsten Price with comic Dave Attell.

Some of 2010's most noteworthy winners were:

- Best New Starlet: Kagney Linn Karter
- Clever Title of the Year: *Who's Nailin' Paylin?*
- Director of the Year: Will Ryder
- Best Actress: Kimberly Kane, *The Sex Files: A Dark XXX Parody*
- Best Actor: Eric Swiss, *Not Married With Children XXX*
- Female Performer of the Year: Tori Black
- Best Solo Sex Scene: Teagan Presley, *Not the Bradys XXX: Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!*
- Best Supporting Actress: Penny Flame, *Throat: A Cautionary Tale*
- Best Sex Parody (Tie): *Not the Cosbys XXX* and *The Sex Files*
- Best Non-Sex Performance: Thomas Ward, *Not the Cosbys XXX*
- MILF/Cougar Performer of the Year: Lisa Ann
- The Jenna Jameson Crossover Star of the Year: Sasha Grey
- Best Oral Sex Scene: Sasha Grey, *Throat: A Cautionary Tale*
- Best All-Girl Sex Scene: Poppy Morgan, Tori Black, Bree Olson, *The 8th Day*
- Hall of Fame inductees: Gina Lynn, Christian Mann and more

The 2011 *AVN* Expo has already been scheduled for January 7-9. Don't miss out next time! Seriously, these pictures are great, but being there is way better. Book your flight now!

Digital Playground girls

Margaret Cho and friend

Dave Navarro

Tori Black

Belladonna

Alexis Texas

Sasha Grey

Evil Angel girls

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

WHEN IT COMES TO FINDING BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THE INTERNET, YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH FACEBOOK.

Name: **Emily Caprice**

Location: **Miami / Age: 27**

URL: **Facebook.com/EmilyCaprice**

With a master's in business administration and a passion for sunbathing at exotic beaches, this sultry beauty is the total package. Emily's primary intents are to be happy every day and never get discouraged by any obstacle. "I enjoy my life," she exults. "I have a blast, and I'm going to leave it knowing that."

Emily's carpe diem philosophy stems from being brought up in a conservative household where she wasn't allowed to speak her mind. She has since become "an avid supporter of people who express the way they think; I am very open-minded and don't believe in traditional norms."

Emily admits to holding onto her virginity up until the age of 20. She will not, however, reveal the name of the man who deflowered her because he's a future politician. Perhaps some things cannot be disclosed. What Emily does share regards her exhibitionist behavior at a Mexican resort. "I had sex in a pool in broad daylight in front of all the tourists," she recalls with a smile. "The great thing about upscale resorts is that they don't say a word to you."

Although Emily has had her share of threesomes, she'd much rather have just one man at a time. She also prefers monogamous relationships, believing that one-night stands are a waste of her time. "When I'm in a relationship," she says, "I am completely committed—that is, until I get bored." So what is the one essential that always turns Emily on and keeps things interesting for her? "Excitement!"

For additional photos and much more, go to **EmilyCaprice.com**.

PHOTOS BY MIKE ANTHONY

WILL THE REAL SARAH PALIN PLEASE RAISE YOUR HAND?
HI, I'M A FUCKIN' IDIOT.
WINNERS

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MARTIN CHAMBERS
THE GREAT PRETENDER

Drummer Martin Chambers has been keeping the beat in the Pretenders since 1978. We caught up with him to discuss surviving the loss of two original band members, their latest CD (*Break Up the Concrete*) and Chrissie Hynde's ass.

HUSTLER: What is your relationship like with Chrissie Hynde after more than 30 years?

MARTIN CHAMBERS: She's pretty much the same girl she always was. At her best she's one of the funniest people I know. She's as subtle as napalm. But I think she's reining herself in a little more because she's happier. She's not as fiery as she's been in the past. She would hate to admit that.

Is the Pretenders a democracy, or is Chrissie a dictator?

Somebody has to be in charge. It doesn't matter if there is a dictator in charge; if you're in a band that's recording or performing, then it's a band in name alone. Because the band the Pretenders died in the '80s when we lost James Honeyman-Scott and Pete Farndon. Chrissie has said it's been a tribute band ever since. I understand that. The band now is as good or better than any of the lineups we've had since the original band.

What do you remember from the birth of the Pretenders?

I think the thing about the initial takeoff of the band was that your feet don't touch the floor. We went from doing a few gigs to getting a record out to having a number-one album and number-one single. Then we went off around the world. All the stories that you've heard were true. (*Laughs.*)

How was the band able to continue after losing James and Pete?

Chrissie came to me and said, "Should we change the name?" I was quite adamant that we carry on the name really with the boys in mind. They had put a lot of work into it. I said, "Let's go for it."

Robbie McIntosh was already going to be a second guitar player for Jimmy when we played live. Robbie knew bassist Malcolm [Foster], and the band came together quickly. We came back at the US Festival in 1983. Of course, at the end of the 1980s Chrissie got rid of me. Which was the biggest mistake!

So you were fired after the *Learning to Crawl* tour?

I was sacked, yeah. Why did she sack me? My face didn't fit. It had nothing to do with my playing. She said I wasn't playing well.

THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

YEAR LONG DISASTER
Black Magic; All Mysteries Revealed

Based on their new CD's cover alone, we love this band! But add in the fact that Year Long Disaster's debut disc was a blast of fresh-yet-retro psychedelic rock and that *Black Magic* blends elements of Led Zep, AC/DC and ZZ Top into a sonic masterpiece and we'll say it again: We love this band!

MUDVAYNE
Mudvayne

Can someone be manic and thoughtful at the exact same time? Mudvayne's singer Chad Gray can, as he effortlessly glides between rage and heartfelt emotion on the metal band's latest disc. It's a rocking stew of cutting guitars and thunderous beats with intelligent lyrics to boot.

BELPHEGOR
Bondage Goat Zombie

It doesn't get any heavier or more sadistic than Austria's black metal lords, Belphegor. Listening to the band's latest (based on the kinky world of the Marquis de Sade) will feel like an extreme aural beating complete with blunt trauma. Oddly enough, you'll like it.

DANIEL MERRIWEATHER
Love & War

If you were to make a list of legendary singer/songwriters, it would have to include (but not be limited to) Cat Stevens, Van Morrison, James Taylor, Jim Croce and maybe Sting. Now you can add Daniel Merriweather to that impressive list. *Love & War*, his U.S. debut (produced by Mark Ronson), is a career-defining release.

DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS
The Big To-Do

With ten studio albums under their belt, DBT have it down to a science. They churn out some of the best blues-based bar-band rock ever, tinged with a heaping helping of country. Belly up to the bar, boys.

STORY OF THE YEAR
The Constant

Fast, furious and full of yearning, this band's latest is a power pop masterpiece. If pitch-perfect songs packed with hooks and memorable choruses (after just one listen!) aren't what music is all about, then we don't know what is.

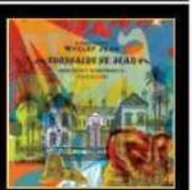
MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

THE WATSON TWINS
Talking to You, Talking to Me
What do you get when you lock up two hot twin sisters in exile in the Sierra mountains away from the world? The making of a really hot adult movie. Or in this case, one of the most soulful and beautiful CDs of 2010.

WAKEY! WAKEY!
Almost Everything I Wish I'd Said the Last Time I Saw You…
A modern-day Elton John? Billy Joel's illegitimate son? The best Ben Folds cover band around? All of this can be said of one-man piano band Michael Grubbs a/k/a Wakey! Wakey! Or we could simply say that his debut features material as strong as anything from the above-mentioned trio.

TOMEKA
The Black Hood
Sir Mix-A-Lot knows talent when he sees it. Tomeka Williams not only has that "back" Mix loves but a strong-ass voice too. Produced by the famed rapper, her debut is a slammin' collection of down-and-dirty R&B originals and a cover of Vanity's "Nasty Girl." All we need now is for Tomeka to "put 'em on the glass."

LOCAL NATIVES
Gorilla Manor
Catchy as crabs and twice as smart, this hooky debut meets somewhere between the Beach Boys and Brit pop. Not satisfied with your standard bass, drums and guitars instrumentation, Local Natives toss some really interesting rhythms and sounds into *Gorilla Manor*.



WYCLEF JEAN A/K/A TOUSSAINT ST. JEAN
From the Hut, to the Projects, to the Mansion
The Fugees' de facto leader returns with an eclectic and explosive new disc. With styles ranging from worldbeat to hip-hop and blues, *From the Hut* is a snapshot of the rapper's awesome talent. While we're sad that Lauryn Hill won't get back in the vocal booth—thus preventing a new Fugees CD—we're glad Jean continues to grow artistically.

ALKALINE TRIO
This Addiction
The seventh outing from this tight rock trio is like a punk-up at a punk club. It's living proof that keeping the band together and bringing in the members' friends can produce important and fun music years after similar groups have broken up.

Bullshit! Her instincts told her to move on. I understood that, but I didn't particularly agree that I wasn't going to be in the band. Of course, a couple of years later (*mimes knocking*) Chrissie called me back.

Where did your distinctive sideburns come from, and how hard are they to maintain?

I just screw them off and give them to the wardrobe girl to brush up every night. I grew up in Hereford, which is on the west side of England on the Welsh border. It's a farming community. Ever since I was able to grow facial hair, I wanted to grow these sideburns to be more like all the grownups. To be like the "hard men." I had some distinctive ones when we did the second album. They've kind of stuck with me and gotten bigger over the years. Customs would never think of looking in there.

Are you surprised to still be drumming for the Pretenders at age 58?

If you told me years ago before the Pretenders that I would manage to get where I am, I wouldn't have believed it. I feel fantastic. I have a privileged seat. I see it develop every night. It's a good view. I've been looking at Chrissie Hynde's ass for 31 years.

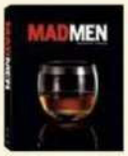
There are guys who would pay a lot of money for that seat.

How much? (*Laughs.*)

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

NURSE JACKIE
Season One
Most actresses aren't lucky enough to create even one iconic and memorable character on TV. Edie Falco has done it twice, first as Carmella Soprano and then as the wiseass title character of *Nurse Jackie*. Season One of the brilliantly crafted series is now on DVD.



MAD MEN
Season Three
The most talked about (and talky) drama on TV is about a stylish 1960s New York advertising agency populated by the hippest cats since the Rat Pack. Throw in a heavy dose of smoking-hot dames (women liked being called that back then), and you have the perfect mix. Check out what everyone is talking about before Season Four starts.

ROBOT CHICKEN
Season 4
Seth Green and company's action figure-based ADD laughfest is the perfect thing for your short attention span. Except for the lame finale, Season 4 is the funniest yet! (Wrapping things up with a musical number? Seth, stop hanging with MacFarlane so much.)

G.I. JOE
Complete Animated Series
The 1980s animated series based on the popular action figure is collected here in an ultra-impressive military-style locker. You know you loved *G.I. Joe* back when you were the right age to watch cartoons. Buy it and pretend it's for your nonexistent kids.

It's Garry Shandling's Show
The Complete Series
The nebbish comic's first series lands in all its glory on DVD. This box is 16 DVDs of groundbreaking comedy featuring all four seasons (72 episodes), as well as an array of in-depth bonus content. If you missed *It's Garry Shandling's Show* the first time, you need to revisit this surrealistic and superb sitcom.

ROGER CORMAN'S BEST OF THE B'S COLLECTION 1:
Hot Bikes, Cool Cars & Bad Babes
Fast cars and even faster women are what made Roger Corman's B-movies so good. Sure, they had low production values, unknown talent and crappy special effects, but they were great! This four-DVD set is loaded with bikers, outlaws, degenerates and the ladies who love them.

MARILYN MANSON: *Guns, God and Government Live in L.A.* (Blu-ray)
Showcasing Manson at the height of his hideous, hedonistic powers, the god of goth rock's 2002 L.A. concert is now on Blu-ray! Which means all the fake blood and horror theatrics look extra-vivid. This is what the format was invented for.

ADULT SWIM IN A BOX
Cash Grab Time!
Several seasons of Adult Swim's best shows (including *Robot Chicken*, *Space Ghost* and *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*) are packaged in this mammoth box along with a ton of never-before-on-DVD pilot episodes.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

RUDY SARZO
OFF THE RAILS

We caught up with the Quiet Riot/Ozzy Osbourne/DIO bassman to discuss the glory days of heavy metal as recounted in his new book, *Off the Rails*, and Las Vegas's rockin' Monster Circus show.

HUSTLER: What inspired you to write a book?

RUDY SARZO: Everywhere I go the first question I get is "What was it like to play with Randy [Rhoads]?" I wanted to share that and also capture that time in 1981 and 1982—before MTV—for the younger generation.

When did you first meet Randy Rhoads?

I was living in New Jersey, saving up money to get back to L.A. to take another stab at the music business. I got back to L.A. and met him when I auditioned for the Randy Rhoads version of Quiet Riot back in 1978.

Did you end up in Ozzy's *Blizzard of Ozz* band solely on a recommendation from Rhoads?

Randy was the single element that got me in Ozzy's band. Of course, I had to pass the audition, but his recommendation got me in. By the time I got to Ozzy, I already had the gig without playing.

Is it true you almost didn't audition?

The first time I received a call from Ozzy's camp was from Sharon [Osbourne]. I was in a band called Angel at the time and was happy with that group. I'm one of those guys that once I commit to a situation, I'm going to stick with it even if it doesn't go anywhere. (*Laughs.*) When Sharon called me to audition for the gig, my reaction initially was I appreciate it, but I'm already playing in a band. Then Quiet Riot's singer, Kevin DuBrow, on whose apartment floor I was living at the time, talked some sense into me. I wasn't expecting it, but they called again the next day, and it was Ozzy himself on the phone. By that time I was ready to audition.

What was the craziest thing you saw on the road with Ozzy?

There are so many crazy moments in the book. I have to say the time Ozzy pissed on the Alamo. He was completely drunk in the middle of the afternoon, going to the Alamo to do a photo-shoot dressed in drag and ending up pissing on a national monument. He got arrested, and they had to release him.

After that we got plenty of threats. Many Texas groups said they were going to bomb the gig or shoot Ozzy onstage. I stayed far away from Ozzy onstage. Every time I saw him coming towards me, I ran away because I didn't want to be in the line of fire. (*Laughs.*)

There were so many rumors surrounding the tragic death of Randy Rhoads in 1982. You were there. What really happened?

The last time I saw Randy was him waking me up early that morning, inviting me to come along on that plane ride. I just wanted to relax. Just before Rachel [Youngblood, a wardrobe woman] and Randy got on the plane, our keyboardist Don [Airey] and tour manager went on a flight with Andrew [Aycock], the pilot/bus driver. They were buzzing and coming really near to our bus, pulling stunts.

The reason Randy got on the plane was that Andrew promised our tour manager that he would just take the plane up for a little flight over the area. Nothing crazy. Randy decided to go along because Rachel had a heart condition, and he wanted to support her. It was just going to be a little innocent flight, no stunts or anything.

I was asleep in the bus and woke up to the plane hitting the bus. It clipped the bus and crashed into a house nearby. It exploded on impact into the garage. My belief is that Randy kept the plane from crashing directly into the bus. I believe the crash was a premeditated murder/suicide attempt on the part of the pilot. His wife was standing in the door of the bus when it happened. I think the pilot, who was on drugs at the time [proven in an autopsy], wanted to kill his wife and himself. Sadly, Randy and Rachel were also there.

Why do you think God took Randy Rhoads away at 25?

We're all gonna die sooner or later. Is there any reason when that day is or is not? We don't come with an expiration date printed on the bottom of our feet. It's just one of those mysteries of life. That's just one more of those questions I'll be asking when I get to the next level.

When was the last time you spoke to Ozzy and Sharon?

The book was originally going to be published with a company that does business with the Osbournes. When it was due to hit the shelves back in 2005, the Osbournes sent a cease-and-desist notice. So the publisher dropped my book. It sat on the shelf for a year until I found this service book search where you could self-publish, and we finally got it out. I have nothing bad to say about them. I'm grateful for all the breaks that they gave me.

What are you up to now?

Bruce Kulick from KISS and I are doing a show called Monster Circus at the Las Vegas Hilton. It's a band of guys from our genre [metal] celebrating our legacy and playing in the same showroom where Elvis did over 150 shows, with a circus going on at the same time, complete with dancing girls. It's a full production. We don't treat it as just a rock band going onstage. It's bigger.

Who else is in the band?

We have Dee Snider, the ultimate frontman from Twisted Sister. He goes up there and calls himself "The Anti-Wayne Newton." Fred Coury from Cinderella is on drums. I'm on bass, and Bruce is on guitar. It's a high-energy blast for an hour and a half. We celebrate each other's catalog. We play Quiet Riot, Twisted Sister, Cinderella and KISS. We also have John Corabi, who was in Mötley Crüe, and Tony Montana, who is the mastermind of the whole show. He played bass in Great White.

Sadly, Kevin DuBrow, Quiet Riot's lead singer, died in 2007. When was the last time you spoke to him?

Last time I played with him was the Quiet Riot reunion in 2003. I hadn't spoken to him since. His death was very unexpected, very sad. We were not on the best of terms, but when something like that happens, you just think of the good times we had together.

What do you miss most about Randy?

I considered him a teacher. He taught me to always try to learn something new every single day, to get better. Today I wake up and ask, "What am I gonna learn today?" That's from Randy.

(continued from page 74) because I don't work out anymore. I can't actually work out too much because otherwise I'll lose my breasts and become all muscle."

I didn't remind her that she had walked onto the court with a cigarette in her hand.

"I was so active in high school," Misty yelled, sinking a shot. "I used to bench-press a hundred pounds when I weighed 115. Played basketball for the Crenshaw Cougars, number 31—that was me. Shout out!" She went for another layup. I snapped pictures until she'd had enough hoops.

Leaving the court, I made the fateful mistake of walking around a tree.

"What are you doing?" she hollered, utterly horrified. "Don't put the tree between us! Walk on the same side!" If the purse on the floor meant going broke, I shuddered to think what horrors the tree thing would cause.

We swung back by Misty's place so she could change, then hit a swank mall for some shopping. I watched her grab a couple of cute tops, suck on a free lollipop and flirt with a security guard who told her she couldn't pose for pictures in front of Fuddruckers. Wherever Misty went, people gawked. She soaked up the attention like a sponge.

Misty was three joints into the day by this point, so she jumped on my offer of an ice cream sundae. Her mouth full of sweets and her eyes a little misty, she became contemplative. "I don't do stuff like this much. I work all the time." She paused, took another mouthful. "My friends tell me I have to work on my social skills."

"Are you always thinking you could be making money instead?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed.

"You'll drive yourself crazy that way."

"I always need money! Everybody's got to take the work they can. I'm a hustler, always busy. It's in my nature."

Always busy. To keep from thinking? Feeling? In the car again, I dusted off a question that makes most porn stars cringe. "Are you interested in politics?"

"I'm glad that we have Obama," she replied.

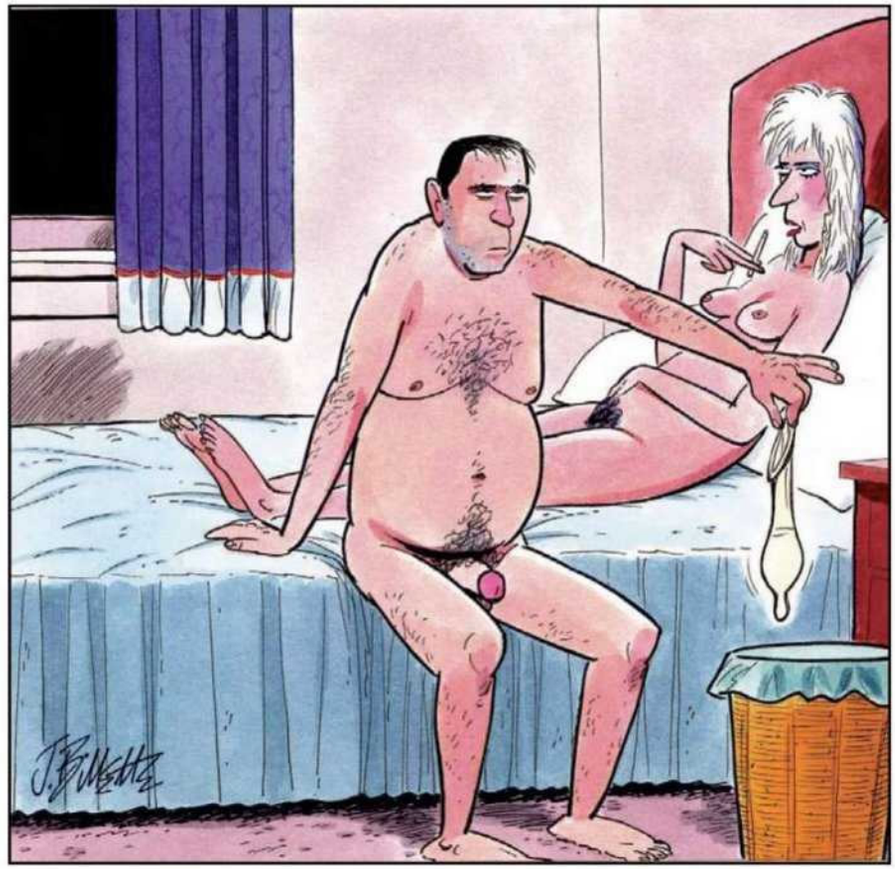
"Did you vote for him?"

"Hell yes! I had to be part of that. I had to be able to tell my kids, 'Mommy made that happen.' On Election Day my car was in the shop. I said to myself, *You are not sitting home. Go and vote!* That's the story I will tell my kids: Mommy walked to vote for Obama!"

A cop car ahead slowed to let Misty turn across his lane. "Look how nice they are when you're pretty—and you have a white man in the car," Misty said, laughing. "There's Jerry's Deli. Let's eat."

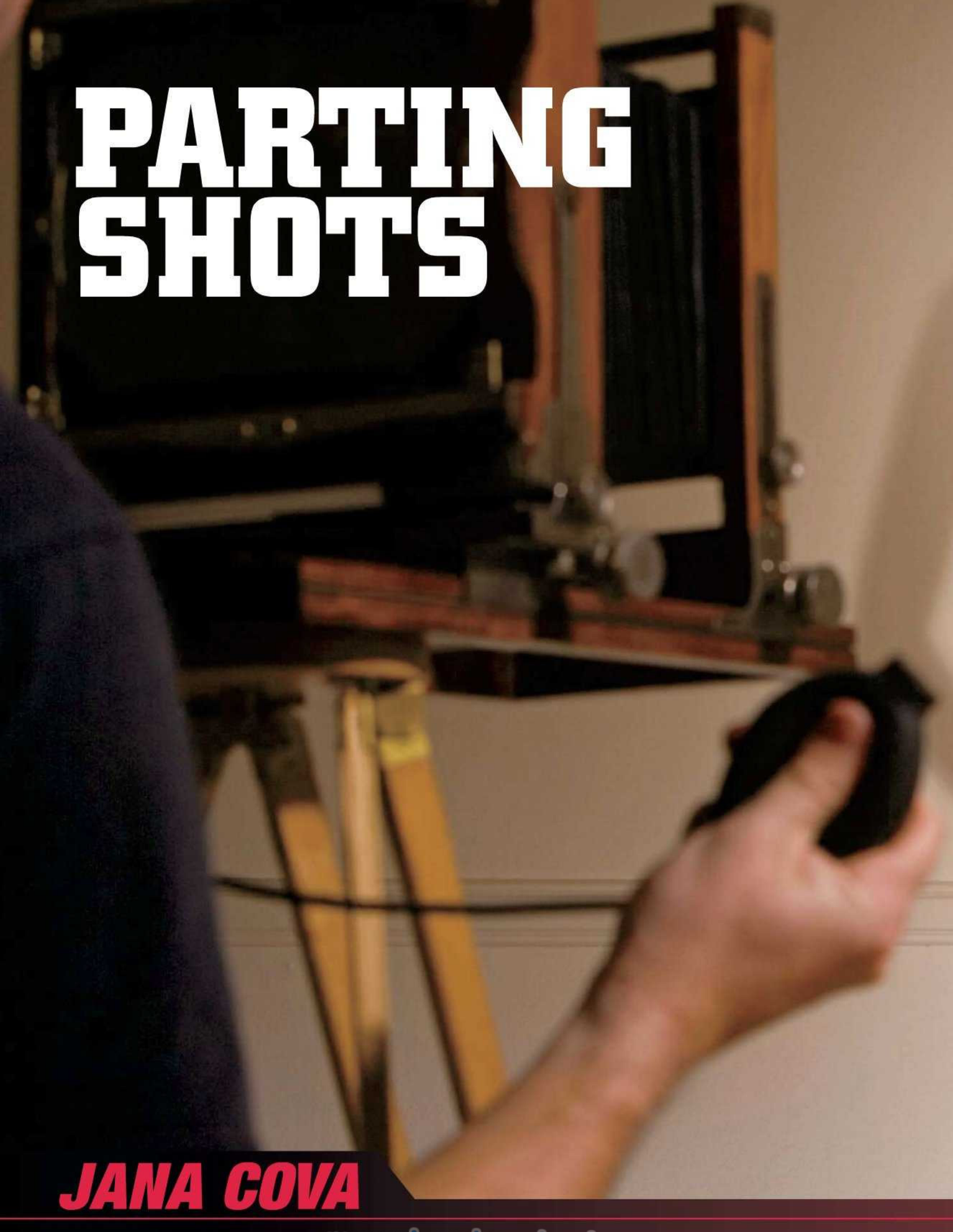
While we chewed pastrami, the talk drifted back to money and Mom: "I spend a lot, but my mom makes sure I put money away. *(continued on page 112)*

"Damn! I should be on the Maury Povich show! I'm a dropout, I'm a slut, and I have no idea who the daddy is!"



"It amazes me how you can fill a rubber like that after only a ten-second fuck!"

PARTING SHOTS



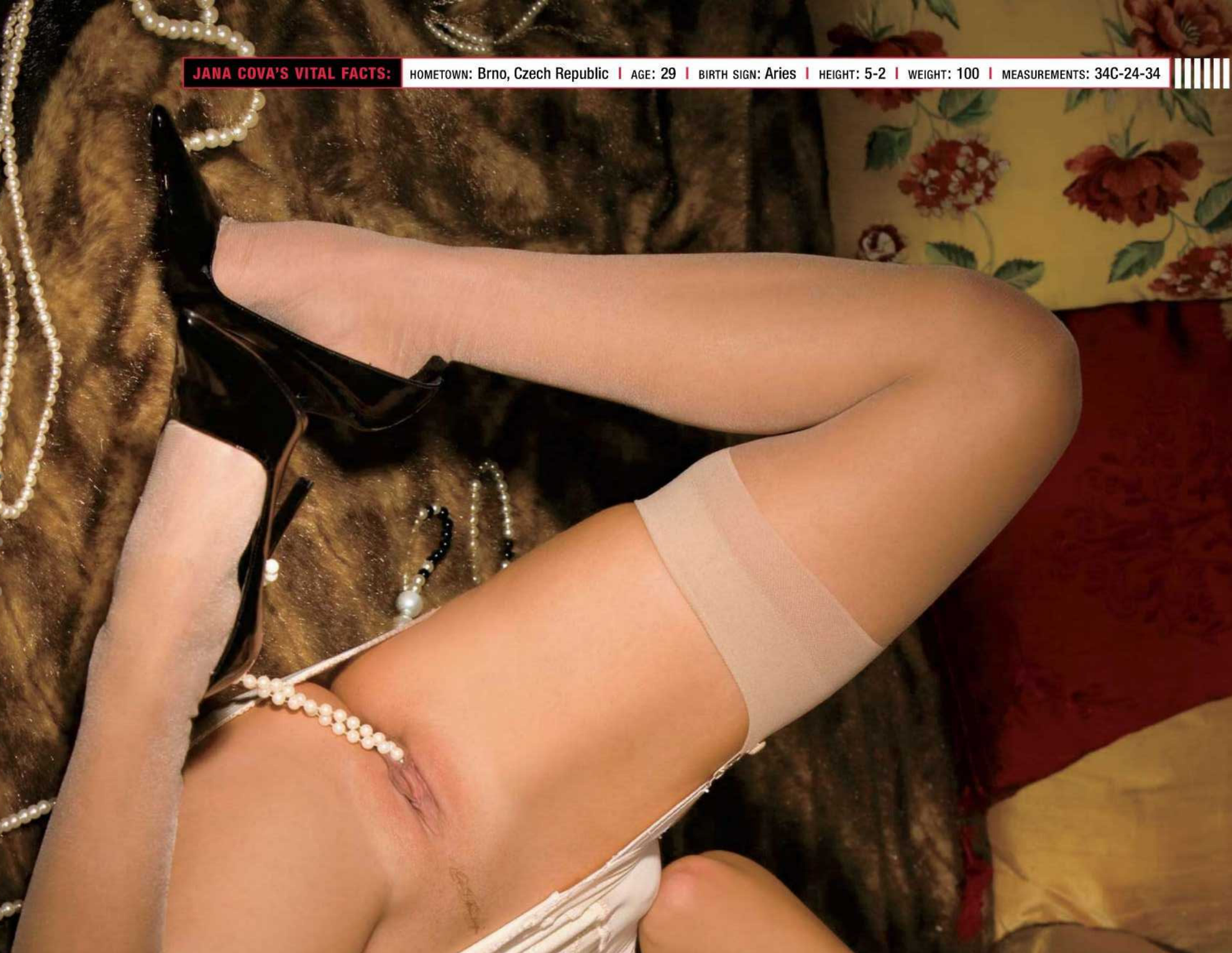
JANA COVA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

We are sad to report that this is porn star **Jana Cova**'s last ever nude photo-spread. Don't shoot us! We're just the messengers. But why is the Czech hottie calling it quits right now?

"It's just time to try other things," **Jana** explains. "I've done it all and loved every minute in the adult business. It's given me a chance to do so many great things, visit fantastic places and meet the most wonderful people. But you reach a point where you know it's time to move on. If you stay in one thing too long, you grow stagnant, and I can't have that happen."

Of course, leaving the skin trade has one downside. “I will miss all the free sex!” **Jana** exclaims jokingly. “Beyond that, I guess I will miss my fans most of all. They have been so great to me all these years. My fans made it possible for me to have a dream career and fantastic life, elevating me from a simple foreign girl to a princess of porn. Without them I don’t know what would have happened.”



JANA COVA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Brno, Czech Republic | AGE: 29 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 100 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-24-34

Is there really no chance that **Jana Cova** will make a comeback? "You can never say never," the breathtaking vixen emphasizes, "but I really look forward to pursuing new avenues back in my native land, the Czech Republic. I want to settle down, maybe start a family or a business venture. If I'm half as successful at that as I've been in porn, I'll be set for life."

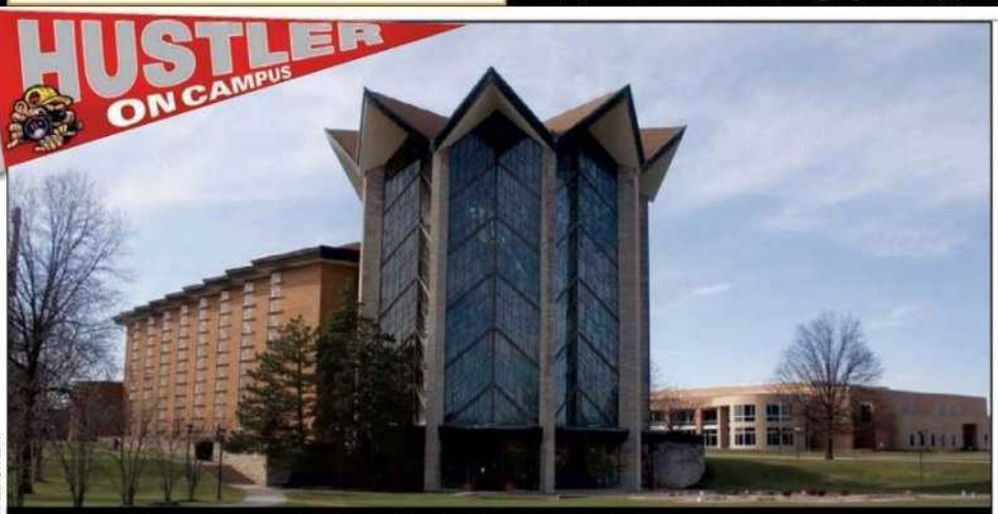


PHOTO BY N. JOHN WEBSTER

The imposing Chapel of the Resurrection symbolizes Valparaiso University's union of spirituality and higher education.

RECONCILIATION: SEX AND FAITH

BEING RELIGIOUS AT INDIANA'S **VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY** HASN'T SPELLED DOOM FOR HANKY-PANKY.

A freshmen couple stumbles through the west wing of the residence hall, then steps into a room and locks the door behind them. The squeaking bed can be heard through the wafer-thin walls, and the next morning an irate "sexiled" roommate awkwardly returns.

But this is no ordinary dorm room. It's filled with shrines and tributes to both rocker Kurt Cobain and Jesus Christ. The crucifix mounted over the headboard depicts the Son of God looking upward, in pain, away from the bed and whatever might be happening on it.

At this small, private Lutheran university, sexual promiscuity should seem out of place, more likely to be found at a much larger state school. Here the honors program is named after Christ, the chapel is the tallest structure for miles, the student senate opens with prayer, and class schedules provide a 50-minute break for Crusaders to attend a daily service.

Nevertheless, the sexual opportunities inherently associated with the collegiate experience are equally as persuasive here as they are elsewhere. Instead of sneaking around parents, amorous students merely have to barter with their roommates for exclusive "use" of their dorm room. For freshmen especially, this newfound freedom is a blessing.

"I remember the first weekend of the semester," said junior Sarah Olson. "New, fresh boys were everywhere, and I had no curfew, no parents waiting for me at home. I finally felt like an adult."

Olson is a practicing Lutheran who wears a small, gold crucifix around her neck. She lost her virginity during her senior year of high school to a boy she dated for nearly 11 months. When Olson and her boyfriend departed for their respective colleges, they amicably broke up. Since then she's been sexually active with four partners, and all have been monogamous relationships.

"I grew up being taught that sex was bad unless you were married," Olson said, "but I don't really know anyone my age who still believes that." She thinks of it as an antiquated notion. As for her relationship with God, Olson quipped, "He has bigger things to worry about." Her logic is that if God is "omnipotent and responsible for all that is in the world," then it doesn't make sense for him to be preoccupied with trivial matters like sex.

Whereas Olson's views regarding faith center around abstract relations with God, sophomore Vince De Luca blends traditional Roman Catholicism and contemporary progressivism. (Valparaiso's student body is 25% Catholic.) A fraternity brother with a penchant for philosophy, De Luca is a far cry from your typical Greek-system party animal. He trades platitudes for experiential learning. "I was never satisfied with being told [by an authority figure] that something is wrong because 'I say so,'" said De Luca, who prefers a more empirical approach to morality.

"I lost my virginity in the back of a Nissan Altima in the parking lot of a public mall when I was 16," De Luca recalled. "I still went to church on Sundays, still said my prayers at night. But I didn't feel a lot of guilt about [having had premarital sex]. I didn't feel like it was affecting my soul." Eventually, however, he discovered that "sex for sex's sake" just wasn't his cup of tea.

De Luca represents a new trend in some Valpo students with religious convictions: a "take some and leave some" attitude. The premise is that Christian dogmas are too dated to deal with the sexual realities facing young adults today. In that regard, some religious authorities on campus—be it student organizations or clergy—have adopted a "hate the sin, not the sinner" attitude. This compassionate mind-set has been especially beneficial when counseling gay students wishing to come out and coeds experiencing unplanned pregnancies.

Ultimately, all the religious institutions have to make similar compromises between ancient tenets and contemporary reality. College students who keep the faith are vetting the dogmas but also nurturing their own beliefs. Valpo students view their religion as dynamic, and they vigorously try to apply it to their everyday lives. It's not an indictment of traditional values; rather it is an acknowledgment that their faith has merit and deserves to be kept and revised instead of scrapped altogether. They have a spiritual obligation to provide their respective church leaders the necessary updates to function in an ever-changing world. In their eyes, God understands.

Derek Schnake, a sophomore English major at Valparaiso University, is the Opinions Editor of the student newspaper, *The Torch*, and an award-winning cartoonist. The Chicago native, a "borderline agnostic," is also a competitor on the Horizon League school's cross-country and track-and-field teams.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in form on page 135 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

JESSICA

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

"I am outgoing, friendly, happy and just nice," professes Jessica, 19, a UNLV freshman from Apple Valley, California. "I like to meet new people and get to know them." Of course, by gracing Larry Flynt's flagship magazine, the peppy nursing major has made getting to know her a lot more eye-opening.

"I think I'm pretty, and that's what first captures guys," Jessica avows, but now a multitude can gaze at more than just the 5-foot-1 babe's cheerful countenance. "I wished to appear nude in HUSTLER because I really like the way it portrays girls' bodies," adds the unbashful novice, who, like most skin-mag models, prefers to keep her privates very unprivate: "I feel gross if my vagina isn't shaved."

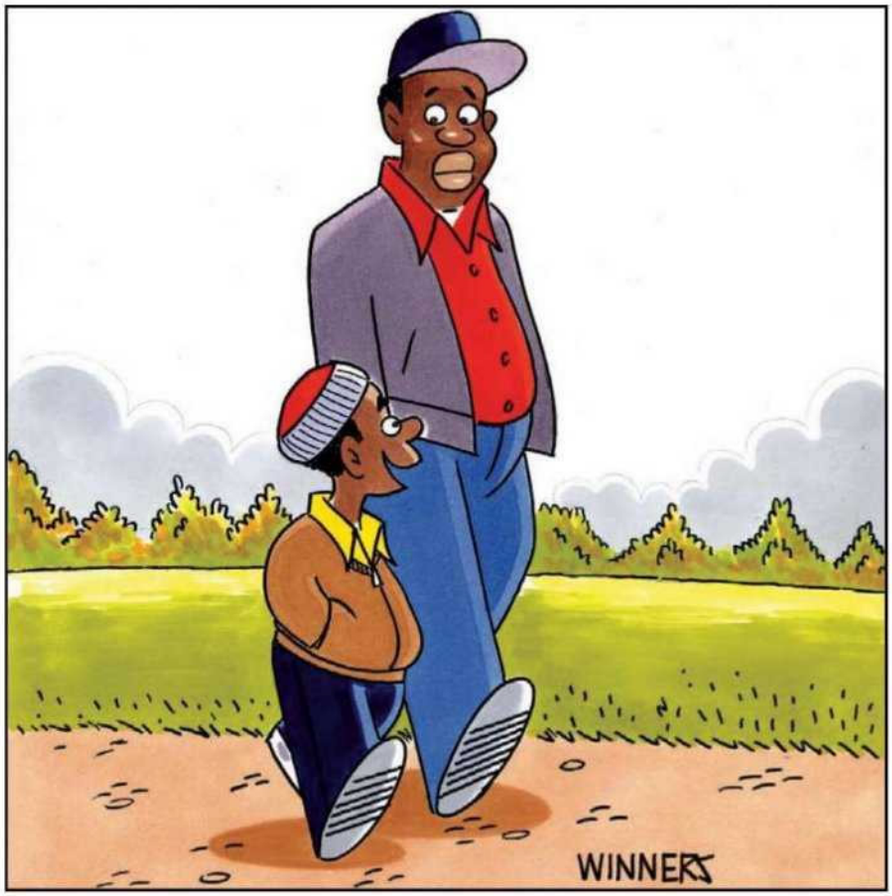
Baring her extracurricular interests, Jessica points out, "I chose UNLV because Las Vegas is far enough from my hometown for me to feel like I was on my own, *and* it's a really fun place. Besides heading to the Strip, I enjoy hanging with friends, networking, tanning, soccer, Italian food, too much candy, all kinds of music from country to hip-hop to techno and watching TV. My fave shows are *Gossip Girl*, *90210*, *America's Next Top Model*, *DEA* and *Kansas City SWAT*."

But don't think of swatting Jessica's ass. "I am straight and pretty flexible because I used to be a competitive cheerleader," she informs us. "I like to be dominated in a nice way—no slapping or stuff like that. My fave position is missionary. I know it's boring, but I think it's the best."

Befitting a future nurse, Jessica tenders, "I think I'm a great girlfriend because I am really caring and loving in every way." And befitting a randy Real College Girl, she confides, "My fantasies are to have sex in a really bizarre place and maybe somewhere on campus at night."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIGI HERNANDEZ

MAIN
HIGH
PARADE ROUTE
I LIKE BEING CHATTLE!
MY MAN KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR ME!
JUST TELL US WHAT WE CAN DO WITH OUR BODIES
4TH OF JULY SALE
USA
WE DON'T NEED RIGHTS
REPUBLICUNTS
CONSERVATIVE WOMEN OF AMERICA WHO BELIEVE IN THE VALUES THAT THEIR HUSBANDS TELL THEM THEY SHOULD HAVE



"Is it true, Dad, that if the Pilgrims had killed bobcats instead of turkeys, we'd be eating pussy on Thanksgiving?"

(continued from page 99) Mom's going to make sure I'm CEO of Misty Stone Productions, trust me."

"Does she live here in L.A.?"

"I don't have any family on the West Coast. They're in Nebraska. I go home for holidays, like everybody does. I like the cold. Kills germs."

"Does your family give you a hard time about doing porn?"

"No, they're very supportive," she said.

Stock answer. I kept pushing. "Never any problem at all?"

"At first they talked their shit," Misty relented. "But I'm a very assertive woman. My family doesn't come at me with disrespect. They crack their jokes, but that's it. My mama is the rock. She's like, 'My baby is doin' it!' She doesn't love it, but she loves the fact that I'm presenting myself as a woman and not a little whore-slut-bitch."

"So she doesn't watch your movies."

"No," Misty chuckled. "She doesn't play that shit because of my dad and the kids. She says, 'I don't care what you do. Ain't nobody gonna see it up in here!'"

"Your dad knows what you do?"

"He knows. But he never says anything. He doesn't even say 'I love you.' I tell him I love him all the time, and he never tells me back. You're whack, Dad!"

A psychoanalyst could have a field day with that one.

Heading back to her place, I painted a nightmare scenario: "What if porn became illegal tomorrow? Would you still be successful?"

I didn't see the answer coming: "I believe in God very strongly, so I would just put it in God's hands."

"Does God support what you're doing?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. He is the reason I am on top. I thank God for my good health and my goodness. He is amazing. I want everybody to know that. I don't have many family or friends out here, but I have Him. And I'm okay."

"A lot of people would say God doesn't like porn."

"Everything is what you make it. What I do has good to it. I'm pleasing a lot of people. There's a guy out there who doesn't get a lot of pussy, and he just wants to watch a porno and jack off. I'm happy; they're happy. I don't think I should go to Hell for that. No sin is bigger than another. Somebody steals a candy bar; I'm sucking dick on camera. God loves me just as much as he loves you, baby!"

It was one of the best arguments for the righteousness of smut that I'd ever heard.

Misty dropped me off at my car, and I signed off with a hug. I had gotten some clues, a few possible insights. But peeling back all the layers of superstitious, God-fearing, workaholic, clean-freak porn diva Misty Stone would take a lot longer than one day. And she would probably never stop hustling long enough for that to happen.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Cosbys *Monica Foster, Misty Stone and Nina Devon make Dad proud.*

Not the Cosbys XXX #2

X-PLAY/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: MISTY STONE, MONICA FOSTER, CASSIDY CLAY, MELODY NAKAI, NINA DEVON, JENNY HENDRIX, TORI BLACK, KELLY SKYLINE, EMY REYES, TYLER KNIGHT & THOMAS WARD.

When the first *Not the Cosbys* hit screens last year, Cosby fans hollered, "That ain't right!" (while furiously beating off to it). That film went on to take *AVN*'s Best Parody prize and a best nonsex acting award for Thomas Ward, who shines again with his uncanny channeling of the Cos. *#2* might not have the same shock value as the first one, but it makes up for it by being funnier and sexier. The luscious Misty Stone takes her character Denise to college for a steamy dorm room romp while Mom (Monica Foster) lays down a lovely dildo session at home. Meanwhile, brother Theo gets into some Times Square trouble with hookers Jenny Hendrix and Tori Black between interning at his dad's gynecology practice. All goofy, funny stuff. Even pigtailed little Rudi gets laid this time! Barely legal Nina Devon looks young enough for the part, so you'll feel like a real perv whacking off to her scene, which just makes it that much better. All the sex is hot and well-shot. Even the clothed interludes are enjoyable thanks to fun writing and spirited performances. *AVN* Director of the Year Will Ryder has scored another sitcum classic. Check out our exclusive profile of Misty Stone, beginning on page 72. To order *Not the Cosbys XXX #2*, turn to page 136.

—M.J.

Alexis Ford and Isis Taylor (below) are ***American Made****.*

Alexis Ford: American Made

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM MALIBU. STARRING: ALEXIS FORD, ISIS TAYLOR, NICOLE RAY, JUSTINE JOLI, DANNI COLE, TOMMY GUNN, EVAN STONE & KRIS SLATER.

Adam & Eve had so much success selling Bree Olson as the all-American girl, they apparently decided to do the same trick with their new contract gal. Alexis Ford's debut showcase has so much patriotic lip service, it'll make you want to paint your dick red, white and blue, stick a flag in it and march through the neighborhood. Alexis is no Bree, but she's cute and trampy enough to qualify as the real thing thanks to a cheesy dye job and catchphrases like "I wanna be your cumslut." Plus, she sports all-natural body work—a refreshing touch. Alexis plays a tomboy grease monkey, so you get a few glimpses of classic cars, but not enough fucking on or in 'em. Too bad. Her girl/girl scene with Justine Joli almost makes up for that, and the supporting cast is as fuckable as Alexis. (Danni Cole will make you stand erect like the national anthem's playing.) This Ford still needs some buffing, but it's always fun to see a budding starlet get broken in the American way. ***—M.J.***

***Bossy** as they come: Don't argue with **MILFs** Priya Rai, Brooke Belle and Tory Lane.*

Bossy MILFs #3

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: PRIYA RAI, BROOKE BELLE, DIANA DOLL, TORY LANE, JANET MASON, RALPH LONG, JOEY BRASS, SETH GAMBLE & DANE CROSS.

They're bossy, and they're MILFs. That's pretty much it. You can't accuse us of false advertising. If alluring pre-menopausal ladies who come on a little too strong make you pop, stop reading now and buy this disc. As for us, we're reviewing it to run a hot shot of Priya Rai. That's just good publishing policy. By the way, limber Priya does a great split while getting dicked silly. She's the star for good reason, but to be fair, the other power-mad moms are just as fuckworthy, especially Diana Doll, who gives her orders in a sexy Slavic accent. We know you like being bossed around, so we're going to say this one more time: Buy this movie now! Turn to page 136 and order it. Do it!

—M.J.

*Bree Olson and Kayden Kross take on their **Dirty Deeds**.*

Rawhide II: Dirty Deeds

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: KAYDEN KROSS, BREE OLSON, TORI BLACK, JENNA HAZE, ALANAH RAE, ANDGIE SAVAGE, NICOLE RAY, KRISTINA ROSE, TOMMY GUNN, EVAN STONE, MARCUS LONDON, TONY DE SERGIO, ERIK EVERHARD, ANTHONY ROSANO & BEN ENGLISH.

It's been seven years since Carmen Luvana rode into our hearts (and pants) in the contemporary porn classic *Rawhide*, so it's high time for a sequel. The original was an old-style western, but this one's set in today's redneck country, where sweaty people drive beat-up pickups and fuck to twangy country music. Lovely real-life equestrian Kayden Kross has no problem taking the reins here. She's never seemed more at home, giving a relaxed, sexy performance. Bree Olson is also solid as the greedy, oversexed bitch who "runs things around here" and wants the deed to Kayden's ranch. When a mysterious stranger wanders in (Tommy Gunn) and takes over from the corrupt sheriff (Evan Stone) as the local cockslinger, the stage is set for lust in the dust and hot-leaded pistol play. Overall, the talent is top-notch (cumworthy cameos from Kristina Rose and Tori Black, among others), the acting and filmmaking are well above average, and the three-disc set includes the first XXX *Rawhide*. Adam & Eve has scored another piece of classic porn Americana that'll have you rubbing your own hide raw, just like a real cowboy. ***—M.J.***

KAYDEN KROSSES

TO THE BAD SIDE

The star of recent hard-core landmarks *The 8th Day* and *Rawhide II* has decided to become a very bad girl.

During her five years under contract with powerhouse studio Adam & Eve, Kayden Kross cultivated the image of the innocent ingenue you'd like to do filthy things to before taking her home to meet Mom. But now, after joining the rival smut purveyors at Digital Playground, she expects to be hotter, nastier and edgier than ever.

HUSTLER: Why the new direction?

KAYDEN KROSS: I've been into choking, spitting and slapping—domination and submission stuff—for a long time, both in my personal life and on camera. Adam & Eve was great, but those moments ended up on the cutting room floor. I felt I wasn't evolving as a performer.

What can we expect from you at Digital Playground?

Different companies have different standards. Digital Playground is going to encourage me to have fewer defenses, which means things that used to be taboo now can happen.

Are we talking anal? Double penetration?

I'm going to do anal, I'm going to offer more as a performer, but I can't mark exactly when I'm going to do what on a calendar, because I'm going for spontaneity.

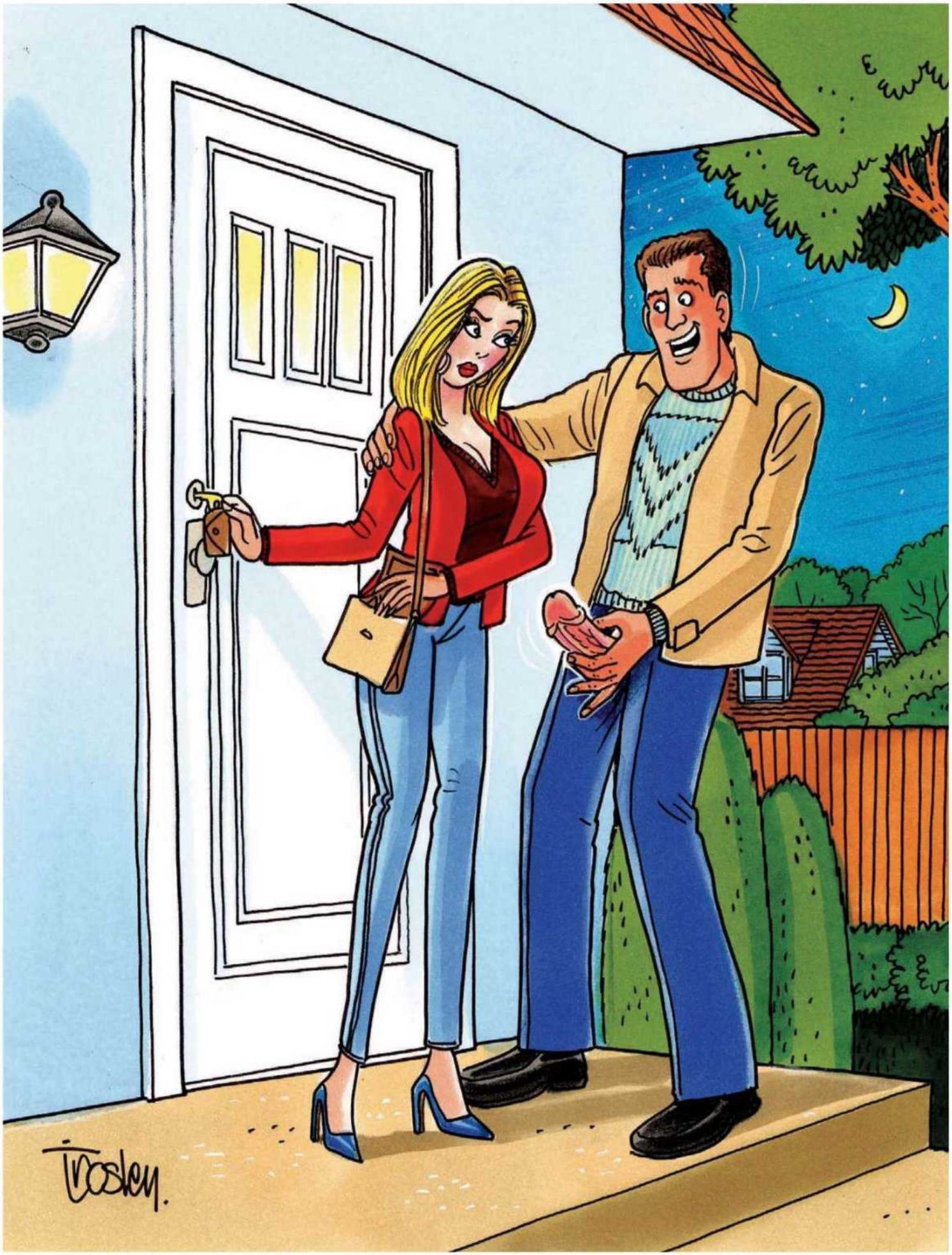
Is anything off-limits?

I hate being on the receiving end of a strap-on. The longer I'm in the industry, the more attracted I'm getting to women. But I like a dominant role with females. I like to do to girls what I like done to me when I'm with a guy.

Any message for your fans?

If you think I turned you on before, you ain't seen nothin' yet!

—M. Allen Nathan



"C'mon...everybody knows the blowjob is the new goodnight kiss!"

HUSTLER'S **UNTRUE** HOLLYWOOD **STORIES:** ANGELINA VS. JENNIFER

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Ever wonder what would happen if feuding Hollywood hotties Angelina Jolie and Jennifer Aniston got together and let their true feelings fly? The folks at HUSTLER Video did. That's why they lensed this down-and-dirty porn parody, starring the darling duo of **Sadie West** as the vixenish Angelina and **Rachel Roxxx** as the lovable Jennifer.

Directed by Stuart Canterbury, the hard-core flick is packed with the kind of girl-on-girl action that every man (including Brad Pitt) has longed to see. The movie's climax features **West** and **Roxxx** in a red-carpet catfight that turns into a no-holes-barred, rug-munching lesbian lickfest you have to see to believe.

HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Angelina vs. Jennifer is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 136 to order by mail.

"I pledge allegiance to America and HUSTLER Magazine!"

GIANNI

"I thought this would be a good way to overcome my camera-shyness," states Gianni, 25, a pharmacy tech from Lemon Grove, California. "I have a playful, easygoing outlook on life. I can be very sexy when I'm in the right mood." Starting off coyly, the German-born "gym rat" discloses, "I love running, exercising, reading informative books and cooking many types of food. I am a self-taught culinary artist." Asked to detail her amorous menu, Gianni turns up the heat: "I'm a cuddle bunny. If a guy I really like is watching TV or reading, I'll snuggle up, then pull down his pants and give him head when he least expects it. I've been told I'm a pro at it." As for her own satisfaction, the 5-foot-8 morsel exults, "I have the best orgasms when I'm on top. I'll slide up and down fast—kinda like riding a horse!" Gianni, whose most "God Bless America" romp was "inside a boxcar of a moving train," is a dream chef: "My fantasies are doing two guys and having sex with a girl. I've never had a lesbian experience, but I'm sure that when the time comes, I'll be ready." —Photos by Friend

LUSCIOUS

Living up to her name with *muchisimo* bravado is this "smart, outgoing and always happy" entertainer out of Waco, Texas. "I wanted to be in *Beaver Hunt* because I was told my pussy was pretty," coos Luscious, 19, an avid dancing, country music and hip-hop aficionada. Topping her playlist are Carrie Underwood and Z-Ro, but being playful is the nude-modeling tyro's favorite pastime. "I'm wild and freaky!" the 5-foot-3 bi babe bellows. "I love riding a long dick, fucking doggy-style and getting some head in both holes." Blessed with a darling derriere, she admits, "I'm too chicken to try anal, but I make guys very happy because I love being nutted on." Making Luscious even happier would be "meeting Z-Ro" and "being on top of my girlfriend while I sock it to her with a strap-on dildo." —Photos by Friend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ASTONISHING FLASHBACK

DEJA

Standing 5-foot-nothing and fond of wearing nothing at all, Deja hails from Bedford, Ohio, but the veterinary tech might opt for a career switch. "Nude models make fantastic money," the 21-year-old reading-and-writing enthusiast reckons, "and I have fun being in front of the camera." Describing herself as "sexy, seductive and straight," Deja has more fun when she's under a guy. "I dig the missionary position because I'm lazy," she titters. However, the perky cutie's sexual fantasy seems to bely that trait: "I want to do Josh Hartnett on a deserted island nonstop for 13 months." —Photos by Friend

Déjà Vu? Porn star Nina Devon reminded us of this May '07 Beaver, who rated a curtain call when we discovered they're the same chick. Since assuming a new moniker, the spunky Ohioan has been sexier than ever in *My Stepbrother Fucked Me #1*, *Facial Cum Catchers #9*, a redneck bukkake (we kid you not) and both installments of X-Play/LFP Video's sitcum *Not the Cosbys XXX*. Flip to page 113 to catch her riding a bone as pigtailed Rudi. Deja has made it big-time!

TRILLIUM

No, this spanking-new Beaver isn't fresh from boot camp, but the 5-foot-5 "hula-dancing fanatic" tends "to be dominant," and more than her booty merits adulation. Meet Trillium, 22, a hairstylist and aspiring model from Hilo, Hawaii, who's constantly asked about her lack of locks. "I've kept my hair short ever since Britney Spears shaved her head," the pop diva's fervent acolyte trills. "I always play her CDs when I'm having sex. I'm straight and a little bi-curious, but my fantasy is to worship Britney in my bed, pampering and pleasuring her the way I like it." —Photos by Friend

"My favorite position is being fucked from the back while a guy grabs my hips as hard as he can."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

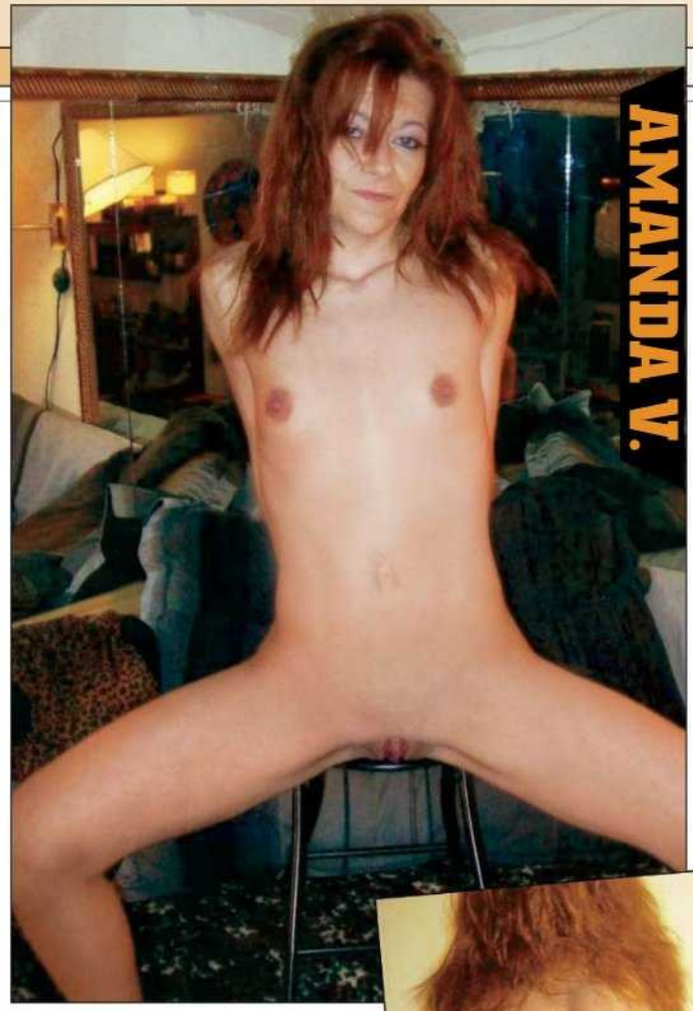
RACHEL

"I'm dancing and modeling nude to prove everyone wrong who's ever called me ugly or put me down," proclaims this "very outgoing and spontaneous" online college student from Meadville, Pennsylvania. As you're about to learn, Rachel, 20, is riveting as eye candy and randy raconteur. Serving as foreplay are the newbie's interests: social networking, drawing, the bands Killswitch Engage and System of a Down, *Family Guy*, playing sports, disrobing at the Palomino Club in Las Vegas and, of course, sex. "I'm a nympho!" Rachel raves. "I even broke into a house once just to have sex; it was so much fun! Unfortunately, we got caught in the process. I also have a military fetish. I love a take-charge guy who tells me what to do and just does whatever he wants to me. I'm only 4-11, but small girls are always the best in bed; they're easier to throw around!" Rachel, a big fan of In-N-Out burgers and sushi, has more revelations: "I love anal. When I get fucked in the ass, it gets my pussy wetter than anything else that could possibly be done to me." But two carnal events really stand out: "I took my first love's virginity in my school's parking lot third period in some Mormon chick's car, and Dad walked in on me once while I was giving a blowjob." Reflecting her submissiveness, Rachel fantasizes, "I wanna fuck a cop on the hood of his patrol car while I'm handcuffed and the light bar is flashing." Rachel rocks! —Photos by Friend

"Boys, I'm a freak, and I know how to satisfy my men!"

ANDI

"I'm not getting any younger," acknowledges this 5-foot-3 graphic designer from Felton, Pennsylvania, "but I've been told and I feel that I've still got 'it.' It sure is a thrill to prove it by putting myself out there in the best adult magazine in the world." Andi, 45, is truly straightforward: "My hobbies are sex, dancing, exercising, sex, music, sex, cooking, sex and just about all outdoor activities, especially swimming naked. It feels *so-o-o* good! I'm spontaneous, energetic, creative, safe, straight mainly and bi for fun. I love a great kisser, but sweet talk, soft music, red wine and a blazing fire get me in the mood too." The 69ing and doggy-style devotee adds, "What really gets my juices flowing is sucking my boyfriend's big, beautiful cock and feeling it grow with delicious hardness in my mouth. I am amazed that I'm living out my sexual fantasies every single day! I hope that your readers enjoy what they see and that it gives them *loads* of excitement!" —Photos by Boyfriend



AMANDA V.

This pint-sized bartender from Martinsville, Indiana, says she came our way "for the thrill and self-esteem it will create." However, the 5-foot-0 Hoosier doesn't seem to be short of either. "My only regular hobby is painting pictures," Amanda V. professes, "and I watch *Family Guy*, but I enjoy sex even more than that. I am a little shy at first but a real tiger once you get to know me. I will try anything once and more if I like it! My favorites are giving blowjobs and getting it hard and fast in the cowgirl position." Amanda, who'll be turning 33 in July, knows how to keep the home fires burning: "I've been married 14 years, and I love to make sure my man has *everything* he needs." How about some memorable escapades? "We had sex at a rock 'n' roll festival," Amanda obliges. "It was orgasmic. So was a fourway with another couple. I guess I should mention that hubby and I make our own sex tapes. I'm down for getting into the porn biz." Good luck and happy birthday!

—Photos by Husband

LEIA

"I like the idea of being known as a sexy-ass bitch who was naked in HUSTLER," boasts Leia, 29, an "all-out balls-to-the-wall kinda girl" from Sparta, Missouri. "It will make up for not streaking through my ten-year class reunion. You only live once, so if you've got it, flaunt it. The naked body is such a beautiful thing. That's why I started Optional Clothing Housekeeping, a little side business offering topless or nude services. It's a blast!" Padding her interests, the 5-foot-2 Show-Me Stater lists gardening, "fixing what's broke," social networking, playing sports, *Cathouse*, *Family Guy*, music (Escape the Fate, Breaking Benjamin, Paramore) and her two faves: mixed martial arts and sex. Getting down to the basics, Leia belts out, "I'm completely passive, slightly bi-curious and very seductive! I give an awesome blowjob, and I love to fuck—the rougher the better while I'm tied to a bed or chair." Leia's bucket list, which includes meeting MMA champ Fedor Emelianenko and actor Jason Statham, is capped by "good cop and bad prisoner role-playing; guess who's the bad prisoner." —Photos by Fiancé

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

MERCEDES

Epitomizing the spirit of '76—the Bicentennial Year, when all pioneering Beavers sported muffs—is this tantalizing beachcomber from Kaupo, Hawaii. Like HUSTLER Mag and the USA, Mercedes does her birthday-celebrating in July, but to make the 5-foot-5 coquette's 25th a little more special, we've rolled back the clock to the very day she literally got her feet wet as a nude model on the Maui coastline. "Except for some new tats and a few extra pounds, I still have my 21-year-old body," Mercedes insists. "I can thank yoga, surfing and lots of sex. I'm crazy bi. With girls I love spanking bare bottoms and chowing down. With guys I'm a submissive pussycat. I give great head, and I love taking it in the ass. So when's HUSTLER's video department gonna sign me up?!" —Photos by Friend

CASSIE

"I love being naked, and I love HUSTLER!" hoots this "fun, energetic and spontaneous" denizen of Plano, Texas. "I've always thought it would be so cool to be in the magazine myself!" With the door wide open, Cassie, 23—who checks in guests as a hotel's front desk girl—can now have her 5-foot-8 frame checked out from front to back. "I love hanging out with friends, supporting my Dallas Cowboys, *Family Guy*, swimming, fishing and going to bars where there's a band I like," the social networking buff divulges. "My top three are Devil Driver, Pantera and Soulfly. I'm a heavy metal chick all the way, baby!" And a heavenly bedmate to boot. "I always make sure my boyfriend gets satisfied!" confides "bi but mostly straight" Cassie. "We tend to get a little out of control sometimes with pulling my hair or slapping my ass. But, hey, it feels so damn good!" Finally, Cassie bares twin dreams: "I want to go to a beautiful beach and make love in the sand! I'd also love to meet Christian Bale. I get really horny watching *American Psycho* and *Batman Begins*." —Photos by Friend

"I always shave my pussy to keep her true name alive: Smooth Criminal. She's so nice, and man, she will take your heart!"

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ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *Real College Girls* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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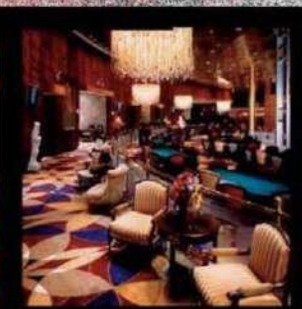

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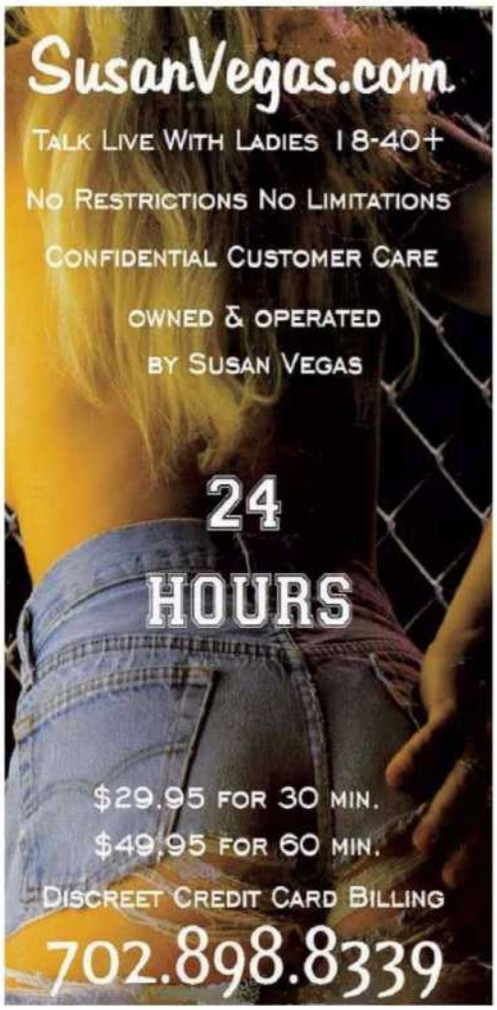
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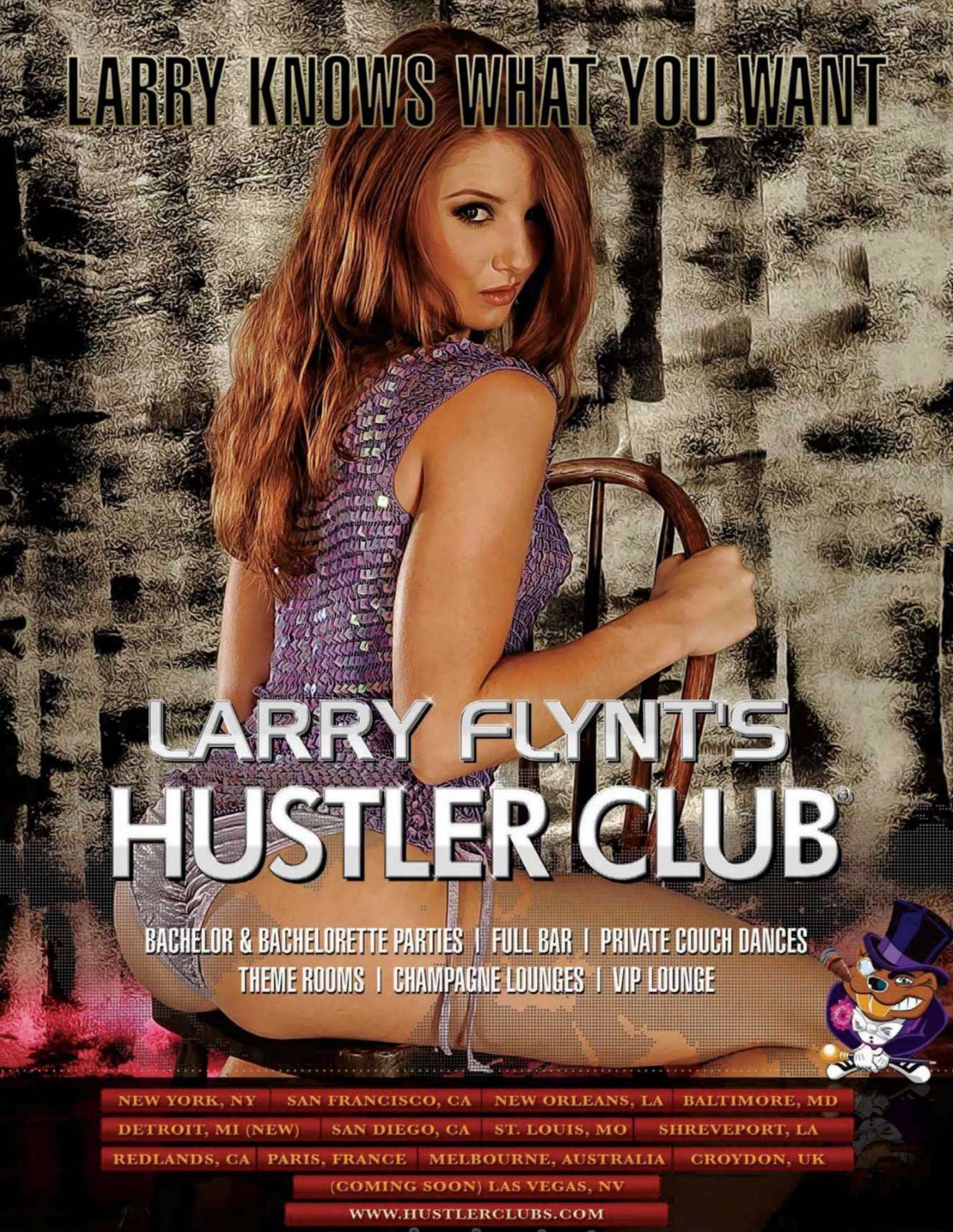
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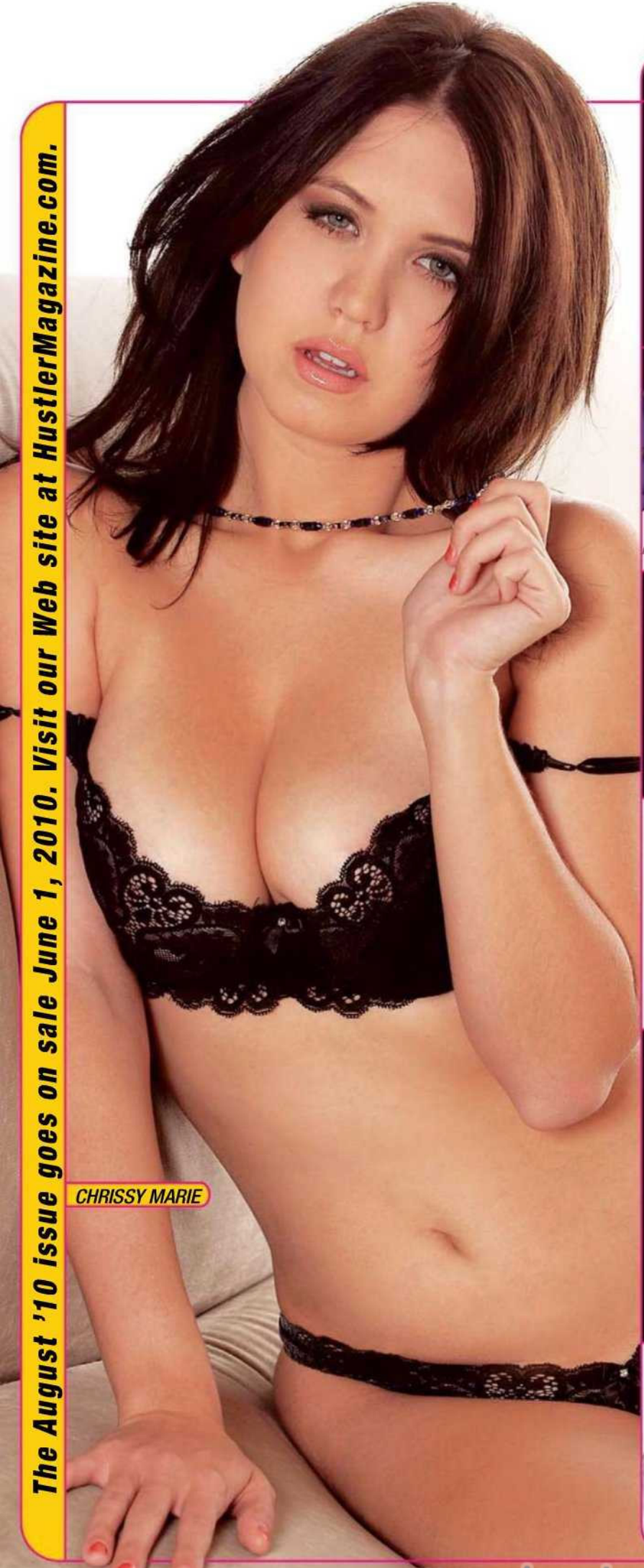
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

HYAPATIA LEE & JULIA PARTON

She can hear her mistress's breath quicken as she explores the sweet, moist silk between the woman's thighs, and she feels a strange sense of power over her governess. Soon they fall on the couch, their bodies racked by the force of their passion.

Afterward they lie panting together in spent desire, knowing, in the realm of primal passion, the distinction between servant and mistress has no meaning.



CHRISSY MARIE

The August '10 issue goes on sale June 1, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

STORMY DANIELS: HEADING TO CAPITOL HILL?

Stormy Daniels is more than just a sex goddess. In an exclusive Q&A with K.K. Le Roque, the skin-biz maverick discusses several sensational events, most notably the mysterious firebombing of an associate's car and her possible bid to unseat U.S. Senator from Louisiana David Vitter, the philandering Republican first exposed by Larry Flynt.

BLOCKBUSTER PARODY: AVATARD

Avatar, the highest-grossing motion picture of all time, gets its comeuppance from master cartoonist and storyteller Aaron Warner. So do religion, warmongers and consumerism. Don't miss this spectacular four-page comic spoof.

WORLD CUP PREVIEW: OUR TIME WILL COME!

Although most Americans are partial to football, baseball and basketball, by far the most popular sport on this planet is soccer. As the mighty World Cup tournament kicks off in South Africa—with a projected TV audience exceeding *1 billion*—sportswriter Todd Farley chronicles the USA's ascent from perennial soccer patsy to feared contender.

SEX IN COMICS: TIJUANA BIBLES

Commencing an ongoing series, comic-book aficionado Jon Wayne explores the history of erotica in his favorite literary genre. Catch Dick Tracy, Popeye, Olive Oyl and other cartoon characters in outlawed X-rated pamphlets—called Tijuana bibles—that lifted spirits back in the 1930s and '40s.

THE SUPREME COURT'S DAY OF INFAMY

On January 21, 2010, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that corporations can spend unlimited sums to help elect or defeat a candidate in federal elections. As Brad Friedman reports, critics warn that democracy will be devastated by the landmark *Citizens United* decision, which one irate lawmaker said "legalizes bribery on the largest scale imaginable."

BLOODBATH: A NEW MIKE CREED ADVENTURE

Hard-nosed private eye Mike Creed is back, this time dodging bullets as he tries to get rich hawking a dead media mogul's secret files. Heating up the caper are a sexy cohort and Creed's eager-to-please squeeze. Fiction by Bruce David.

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